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THE AMERICAN STANDARD.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Washington bequeathed the flag of the Republic to us as a sign for our children's children to live home according to it." Mercer Forget, arraigned the Father of his Country, "the benevolent wrath of Warren" to clear up with the Patriot.

Our nation's banner streams upon the wind,
The harbinger of hope to all mankind!
The welkin's hues were blended in its dies,
And all its stars were kindled in the skies,
In vain he triumph over land and sea:
Our Father's boon—the symbol of the free!—
Vain is the strife that would its glory dim
While it remains his countrymen of me.

He who was first in war and first in peace
First in our hearts will be till time shall cease,
With the death-dews of his devoted band,
Baptized the banner of his ransom'd land!
Preserve it, freemen, to your latest breath,
And keep the watchword "liberty or death!"
Our FATHER spake: "In trust that flag is set!"
Its stars are the forget-me-nots of heaven!

* Poster 1855.

THE WHITE TERROR.

BY
ELIZA A. DUPUY
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CHILD," "THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

Corona, the plantation of Madame Cromi, was situated on the Mississippi river, ten miles from Castle Dumont. It was a state of high cultivation, and the trim neatness of the lawn, hedges and parterre, was in strong contrast with the neglected grounds around the latter place.

The chief building was a large cottage with a high peaked roof, and heavy projecting galleries. Two smaller houses occupied opposite sides of the yard, for the usual custom of French creoles to erect separate cottages, as the necessity for more room arose, had been followed, in place of joining them as wings to the original building. When Mr. Mendon brought his bride home to Corona, and employed a tutor for them, the smaller houses were erected for their accommodation. A hedge of orange trees surrounded the yard, and clusters of two and three together were scattered over the lawn, where the shade of the taller trees did not fall so heavily as to interrupt the warm sun rays so necessary to the development of their fruit. A grape trellis extended along the side next to the large and well kept vegetable garden which was thus screened from observation; for the mistress of Corona was noted as an excellent manager, and a successful planter. The wide carriage sweep was bordered with Oleander roses, and cape jessamine, so mingled that when in bloom, the scarlet flowers of the one and the opaque white of the other, formed an agreeable contrast.

Vases filled with flowering plants stood on each side of the entrance, and the house with its surroundings had an appearance of opulence, blended with neatness and good taste, that was extremely pleasing. It was evening, and two dark-haired boys were in front of their cottage, playing ball, within a storm-looking, middle-aged man and the small portico with a book upon his lap, wearing the garb of a priest, and with cold, ascetic face. That was Father Eustace, the tutor lately employed, and the lads were the sons of Mr. Mendon. Their mother was a wealthy heiress from St. Domingo, who had now been four years dead; her estate was settled irrevocably upon her children, and their father was not even permitted to have a voice in its management.

A small patrimonial estate had been inherited by Mr. Mendon, but bad management, and wild speculation, had dissipated it long since; and Mr. Mendon was ready for any scheme that promised to reinstate his fortunes, before his sons attained such an age as must render his dependence upon them a feeling of pain and inferiority which his temper did not fit him to bear with patience.

Mr. Mendon was prommoding to and fro upon the long gallery in front of the central building, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his brows knit as if in deep thought. His face was turned toward the boys, when a shout of mirth came to his ears, and to saw the tall, lithe figure of his eldest son, the favorite fault of his ball, which had bounded over the grape trellis into the garden beyond, and by his lip, and muttered:

"How that lad grows! It seems to me but yesterday that he was in his cradle, and now he makes the fall almost as high as himself. Hi-ho! what would Antoinette say if she could see the man—I would give her. He looks to be nearly as old as she seems."

He unconsciously raised his voice, and a lady, who, unperceived, had stepped out of the French window opening on to him, replied:

"What does that signify? You are still young enough, and handsome enough, Adolphe, to win the best and loveliest woman in all this broad State."

The speaker was at least sixty years of age; erect, tall and stately as one of the grenadiers of Frederick the Great, with a spare figure and an alertness of motion not often found in women far more youthful than herself. Full of energy and industry, if her sex had been different, Madame Cromi would probably have been known as a great military chieftain. With the assistance of an overseer, she managed her own plantation, and the experiments made by her in the culture of the new staple destined to become of such paramount importance in the history of commerce, had tended to show its value to the more timid planters, who feared to permit cotton to take therefore of indigo, the culture of which had hitherto been thought of such importance to the colony.

The expression of mingled energy and acuteness that characterized Madame Cromi's features was very striking. The dark, deep set eyes detected every abuse as quickly as those of the most expert policeman, and the firm, closely cut lips rendered their suspicions to action very habitual to her. She used her own judgment, and had no misgivings as to her perfect right to do whatever thing she pleased.

The dress of this lady was as unique as her character was decided. For reasons that appeared valid to herself, she utterly repudiated the style of costume worn at that day. She considered it ungraceful, for it scarcely draped the figure at all; the short waist was oppressive to her chest, and the uncovered arms and neck unsuited to her time of life. In its place, she adopted a loose flowing robe of dark material, with sleeves sufficiently large for convenience, fastened closely at the wrists. Her gray hair was combed back from the broad brow, tied on the top of the head, and the ends divided into two long rolings, which were brought forward and carried beneath her ears, to be held back by a black silk net.

A neck-tie like a man's cravat completed her personal adornment, so far as embellishment went. A pair of substantial leather boots, which were fitted accurately to her well-shaped feet, finished her toilette.

Madame Cromi had married twice, and each husband had left her the legacy of a step-child, though she had none of her own. At the time she bestowed her hand on the elder Mendon, his youngest son was a child of seven years—Adolphe was an infant and engaging lad, and the step-dame soon became warmly attached to him. This attachment had continued unchanged through out her widowhood, although she was then separated from him by his residence under the roof of his brother. Madame Cromi had great respect for money, and the strongest desire of her heart was to see her favorite endowed with the fortune left by his wealthy mother-in-law. She insisted that he possessed the best right to it, for his deceased brother had nearly doubled the value of the estate by his judicious management.

Eugene Mendon died suddenly, and his wife, to whom the property originally belonged, retained undisturbed possession. No claim was set up by the relatives of her deceased husband; but when Madame Mendon married again, and perished soon after under very mysterious circumstances, an attempt was made to wrest from Mr. Lecour at least a moiety of the estate. He brought forward a deed of settlement, purporting to have been made by his late wife, by which the whole of her high fortune was irrevocably secured to himself.

The decision of the courts was in favor of Mr. Lecour, and until recent events suggested a new pathway to the fulfillment of their wishes, both mother and son had resigned all hope of acquiring the last thousand.

Madame Cromi was first attracted toward Adrienne by her beauty and loveliness. They were two days coming from New Orleans together, and the graceful attentions of the young stranger won sensibly upon her regard. When she learned whither she was going, and the relationship in which she stood toward the *belle* sole of their family, she lost no time in commencing a system of fascination.

Mr. Mendon had also remarked the beauty of the lovely stranger, and when a spare figure in a mind how a creature so young, and evidently so well brought up, would venture to violate the conventional proprieties which hedge in a young girl in France, in a country where she was quite independent course. He had already been already in the habit of visiting occasionally at the cottage to his sister-in-law, and the discovery of her connexion with Mr. Lecour awakened in him the liveliest curiosity to learn her antecedents, and if possible, to discover her object in making this long journey to revile with a man who, in his own neighborhood, was considered as verging toward madness, if not actually insane.

The confidence of an inexperienced girl of nineteen was not difficult to win, and the friendless traveller soon confided to Madame Cromi the fact that she had evaded the authority of the guardian to whom she had been entrusted, and was in fact a runaway novice, hoping to find freedom and happiness beneath the roof of her unknown relative.

The decision of the old lady was as close on this subject as a vice. Her object was the to be permitted to take up her residence beneath the humble roof of Mr. Lecour. She insisted that her own house should become the temporary home of Mademoiselle Durand, till such more satisfactory arrangement could be made for her. But as we have seen, Adrienne proved to be the plan she had originally marked out for herself, and despite to the old lady was, she was compelled to yield to the firm purposes of the young girl.

At the sound of her voice, Mr. Mendon turned quickly, and he said, with a slight expression of bitterness, "Ah, *Madame Mère*, your decision is too partial. The only girl I care just now to win has made me feel that I am no longer young —than she prefers another to me."

"Ah! this young runaway has a lover, then. Give me all the particulars of yesterday's interview, Adolphe; I have been so engaged righting things since I came home, that I have had no time to listen to you."

"No wonder, *Madame Mère*," he replied, with a half laugh, "for François declares that you have inspected the whole plantation in the last twenty-four hours, detected every abuse, and righted every wrong. I am sure I sometimes envy you your talent for business."

"It was the way my father trained me," she quietly responded. "If I had remained in New Orleans two weeks longer, the whole place would have been at my mercies. Such weak! such disorder! I declare it was shameful. But let that pass, and tell me what this young girl is there a possibility that we shall yet win her consent to come to us?"

"Nous, that I can see, and if she is to be ours with some other than, it is of no advantage to us to bring her hither."

"That is all nonsense; it is but the childish preference of an inexperienced young girl for one of the same age. Spoke of love to her. I thought you understood women better than to believe in such puerile prepossessions. You will leave Madame Mendon married again, and perished soon after under very mysterious circumstances, an attempt was made to wrest from Mr. Lecour at least a moiety of the estate. He brought forward a deed of settlement, purporting to have been made by his late wife, by which the whole of her high fortune was irrevocably secured to himself.

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ADOLPHE MENDON AND FATHER EUSTACE.

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been the bottle's font, with the clarion of victory sounding in its ears: his own good sword the means of carving his way to fame and fortune.

Disappointment and deep affliction in early life had made him a priest, and as much he had not the ambition—the cherished dream, and that was the supercrowning of the great hierarchy to which he belonged.

As the two approached each other, Father Ernest looked—my friend, and would have passed on, but Mr. Mendon turned in the direction he was pursuing, and said:

"I will be the companion of your walk, Father, as I have something to communicate to you which is important to me."

"Even I must pause to listen, my son, though I was on my way to repair a piece of negligence which is unaccountable to myself. I had utterly forgotten that this is the day I should have gone to Bellair to hear the confession of its sexton. But once a month will he receive me, and if I fail to visit him this morning, another month must pass before I am qualified to his presence. In the state of Mr. Leeroux's health, this carelessness might have a fatal result—he may die in his sins, and I should feel myself responsible for the safety of his soul."

The lip of the listener curled scornfully, and he said:

"Truly the age of miracles cannot be past, if you think *any earthly influence* can save that man's soul as dyed in crime as that of this miserable old miser. It is of him I wish to speak with you. We will go toward the stable, and give orders to have a horse saddled and brought to the door. In the meantime we can walk on and dispute our business without delay."

The priest acquiesced, and after the order was given, the two turned from the gate, and slowly sauntered along under the shade of an avenue of magnificent oaks. Mr. Mendon did not speak for so long a time that the Father began to feel quite uneasy.

"Well, my son, what have you to say of this unhappy old man?"

"Nothing now of him, but are you aware that Castle Dismal has received a new tenant within the last two days?"

An expression of incredulity came upon the face of the priest, and he said:

"It is surely impossible that Mr. Leeroux shall have departed from his habitual rule of living so far as to receive a guest. Who has been lured enough to be a visitor to Castle Dismal?"

"A young lady—and, by my faith! a fair one too."

Father Eustace suddenly stopped, turned upon him with the vivid glow of passion in his pale black eyes, and asked, with breathless interest:

"Who is she? Whence does she come? and what claim has she on this man?"

"Really, Father, you manifest such interest in this event indeed, as might render me jealous, if I were not for your cloth: for know that I am half in love with the young lady of whom we are speaking."

"Young lady! Who is she? I again ask, Monsieur. Do not trifle, for I am terribly in earnest."

"So I perceive, for you are trembling with excitement. Have you yet your fabled old grand-daughter of Mr. Leeroux come from New-Orleans on the same boat with this young lady, and myself? that she refused the yearning invitation gave her to come hither, and positively going to Bellair at once?"

The naturally pale complexion of the priest became livid at this announcement, but instantly recovering his usual self-control, he coldly replied:

"This young stranger is doubtless an impostor, for the only descendant of Mr. Leeroux is too well grounded in her convent home, to be persuaded to forsake such an opportunity as this. Her clever adventurer has heard of his great fortune, and undertakes to personate his relative."

"I believe you are mistaken, Father, for Mademoiselle Durand did not accept from my fair friend her sad recital that she is a fugitive from the convent in which she was educated with a view of taking the veil. The life of a recluse was odious to her, and lingering on the confines of her grandfather, she has improvidently thrown herself upon his protection."

"Which she will not long retain, for it is my duty to inform my friend and patron, that this contumacious young person may be restored to the bosom of the community she has unnaturally forsaken."

"Softly—softly, Father—It is of this I wish to speak to you. Mademoiselle Durand declares that she will die sooner than return to the austerity of her convent, and, in certain contingencies, it is my wish, and also that of Madame Durand, that this young lady may be out of the control of the church."

"And those contingencies?" interrupted the priest, with a cold gravity which contrasted strikingly with his late vehemence.

"If she is really the heir of Mr. Leeroux's wealth, it is my purpose to marry her, and between us for this fine property, by making his grand-daughter my wife."

"I thought the struggle was already ended by the decision of this day," said the priest, between his fine fine teeth.

"Yes—for the term of Mr. Leeroux's life; but at his death my efforts shall be renewed, unless this marriage can be accomplished."

Father Eustace had gained time to reflect, and with composed eyes and suave manner, he said:

"So far as I consistently can, I am bound to consider myself, and the wishes of your good mother, for I am of your breed, drink of your cup, and train your children to walk in the paths of faith and truth. I am aware that you do nothing against this girl, but if she proves not to be the descendant of Mr. Leeroux, I shall take steps to expose the imposture, and have her punished as she deserves."

Mr. Mendon changed color; he replied:

"Even in that contingency I may become my duty to protect her, and bestow upon her my name."

"You speak in riddles, my son."

"It is a riddle which time will solve, Father. When the right time comes, you shall have a elegant piece of family history—I do not exactly know all its details myself, but I shall before long, and then I will explain myself."

"I can wait on your pleasure—in the meantime I have incited towards this young lady. Such is your will for the present?"

"Exactly—for the present. Should future events alter this Adrienne de Lorme's claim to legal heiress, you may claim her as a fugitive nun, and cause her to be taken back to her convent."

A faint sneer quivered on the lip of the listener, and he said:

"How devotedly you must love her, my son. Ah, well, I can rest satisfied with this assurance, for I know it gives me control over her over the future fate of this courageous stranger."

"I do not understand you, Father."

"It matters not—but an idea occurs to me in aiding you to marry the heiress to Mr. Leeroux's fortune, I deprive my church of her wealth—she has from her birth been destined to the cloister, and of course her fortune must fall to the house in which she takes the veil."

"I have thought of that, and it is my intention to devote one-third of the estate to the service of the church—but is far more than the old curmudgeon, her grandfather, will ever give her if he is *permitted to make a will.*"

The emphasis on the last words was so marked that the priest looked up, caught the eye fixed penetratingly upon him, and as if the thought which dictated them was read in that glance, he said, in a significant tone:

"Why should an old imbecile like him be considered capable of making one? Go on, my son: unveil your purpose more fully. If Mr. Leeroux is permitted to make a will, and this young lady turns out not to be his descendant, what then?"

"*If she is not* the veritable Mademoiselle Durand, then I am free to act as I please. I will tell that now; it is too uncertain. Understand me, Father, I do not say that we will be to be forthcoming. On the contrary, when this old man's soul has been saved by your ministry, and repeated grand-child possession of the estate, whether she holds that relation to him or not."

"Then it is your intention to marry her immediately?" drily questioned the priest.

"By no means. I must win her first, and my efforts to that end will depend on the prospect of her being Mademoiselle Durand or not. I give you a magnificent bribe to aid me, for the accumulation alone of Mr. Leeroux's gold, to-day, is enormous."

"I can reckon on my devotion to your interests to a great extent, my son."

Mr. Mendon's face instantly curled.

"I merely appeal to your own interests, Father Eustace, when I say that you cannot be otherwise than in the attainment of my purpose."

"And how can I assist you?" impudence at wresting the bride of Heaven almost from the altar, and thus placing her in the perilous state of devotion to an earthly lover?" And are you aware, my son, that you are guilty of sacrilege to me, as anointed son of the church?" asked Father Eustace, in his softest tone, but with a look of severity which made Mr. Mendon feel the exercise of his scheme.

He then told the second, who had been commanded to follow them with the horse, overtook the two, and the conversation ceased, except the animal, bowed calmly, and rode away without further communication.

CHAPTER IX.

On the morning following that night of unusual excitement in the household of Leeroux, the master, who found him suffering severely both in body and mind, left his bed-room early and his manner wild, as he started up and said:

"I will go to the inn myself, and bring her home. She cannot be left there to the mercy of a hostler—and spitefulness."

Mr. Leeroux's head sank back, and with a shudder, he said:

"Oh Kelly, the White Terror came to me last night—and with it the spirit of Lucy. She shrieked aloud, and aroused me from my sleep. Is my daughter safe?—is she coming?"

"It's jist a figary of yer own brains, *I've* no beat of anyone at all, at all, in the night, for I've never yet known anything dat was uncomfortable to me. Sometimes I dramed dat I was Pierre by makin' fifteen dat I'd seen a ghose. But I hasn't spoken a word to the man, and I don't dhrame dat I ever shall."

"But I will see him myself, and bring her home. I will not be trifled with by a servant."

"Sure much good'll *he* do you," muttered Kelly, "for my part, I hope he won't come, for he'll only make things to worse—and I'll very time he does come. I think Satan's 'shall' to give you command about his help."

A sudden recollection seemed to strike Mr. Leeroux, and he turned hastily to his valet, and said:

"In spite of my command to the contrary, Kelly, did girls come to my room last night? I have had a distinct view of her person, standing by my bedside, and I think that her presence roused me from my sleep. Ask her if she too did not see it, and when her account corresponds mine, perhaps you will attach credit to the actual appearance of the White Terror."

At this assertion, Kelly appeared to become alarmed: she dropped her dusting cloth and trembled all over, as she muttered to herself:

"Oh murster dor! make a dream de same o' mine to a young girl, when never one of us darn in her. Mass'elle Adrienne were shet up in her own room, and I'm sure she could not have no more's de ghose was."

"I tell you that I saw her, and I'll get the truth out of her about it. Go and command me to come directly."

Kelly seemed to hesitate as to the propriety of obedience, and Mr. Leeroux, in his significant *voice of command*, he instantly hurried from the room and knocked for admittance on Adrienne's door. No answer came, and after a moment's pause, he opened the door and entered.

The young stranger was still in bed, and Kelly drew aside the curtains and looked down upon her pale and still face, with a look of pity, as from which Kelly found it difficult to arouse her to reverse animation. Alarmed at last, the old woman dared not cry out, and bring Mr. Leeroux to her, for she knew that his excitement at her action might burst from those pale lips in the first moment of consciousness.

Kelly raised the nerveless hands, and chafed them between her own, and the clasped fingers imparted to the frame of Adrienne seemed gradually to expend themselves in the chafing hands, and arouse her to a perception of what was passing around her. She shivered, moaned, and opened her feebly said:

"Thank Heaven! it is day again! and she is not near me."

Kelly's eyes grew larger, and a dusky circle gathered around her lips, as she listened—she alone heard:

"Who is it, child? Don't say so you've seen anything too, one I don' want for grow wile in de morning!"

Adrienne's senses were now completely aroused, and she sat up in bed, and looked inquiringly around the room. She muttered:

"Everything is just as they were last night: Kelly have you the key of that cabinet safe in your possession?"

"*Surely*, an' here it is," was the triumphant response, as she drew forth the key and held it up. "Nobody can git dis from me, I reckon, either by night or day."

Yet that cabinet was certainly opened last night; the dresses and jewels you showed to me yesterday, were assumed by a tall pale woman who stood in front of that mirror, and put them all on in turn. I saw her confusedly, as one in a half-dreaming state, but she *was there*. When she put on the last dress, I am certain she went into my grandfather's room, and aroused him by a loud unearthly cry."

Kelly wrung her hands in anguish as she listened to this statement, and muttered:

"Oh Lor'! oh Lor'! what shall I do? what shall I do, now?"

Adrienne regarded her with astonishment, and said, in surprise:

"What is the matter? Why are you so much distressed?"

"I'm sure' to be 'stressed, ease you'll 'first de murster dat dis house is haunted by a woman in his better spirit. Las' night was de first time for he to come to him, an' he's his guilt for. Dat Luther never 'hoot her screechin' at him, and searin' out o' him de little sense he had left! an', what 'hoot, now, she dere was! Was him in dis place no more for us."

"Kelly, you know that for it is a dreary old house, and we would all be better in any other. I shall certainly tell Mr. Leeroux that I cannot remain here another night."

At this announcement the negress appeared overjoyed with delight, and she hastily exclaimed:

"We's *boun'* to stay here, young mistis, Dere's sickin' else left us, an' you don' know what you're doin' when you let on dat you seen de White Terror 'no' wire. Was you wide awake when you saw her? Was you sure you wasn't dreamin', now, an' don't wile up things."

Adrienne, in the first impressions of the preceding night, and vivid as they had been, her own convictions were by no means so vague to her. She could not assert that she was thoroughly awake. She seemed to have lain in a half-slumber, from which she had not been able completely to arouse herself, when the apparition entered into her room. That she had glided out after the first cry, was certain, and that she had left the clear perception of a waking vision. After that, she might have been in a dreamy state, and deep as was the impression it had made upon her mind, she could not positively affirm that the phantom shape had not been the offspring of her own disordered fancies. The anguish of the old woman affected her strangely, and with some hesitation she said:

"I think I have been only a dream, Kelly, though it seemed very like reality. I have less confidence in my own senses than you have in a victim to somnambulism for several years, and strange things have at times possessed me."

"Dat's it, honey. I don' so what dat long word mean, but I 'spect it's somethin' wrong, an' means you think you's seen what you hasn't seen, dat's all."

"But if Mr. Leeroux saw it too, there must be some reality in the matter."

"Oh chile, he can't be trusted; he's as mad as a March Hare for his own sight. He say de White Terror he 'stir, I won't answer for de consequence. He swore he'd put you to de rack, nobody."

This tongue solicitude of the negress suggested a new idea to Adrienne, and she regarded her steadily, as she said:

"Kelly, I am certain that it is important to you that you conceal from the old man in the present excited state of his mind, that I am the person he is superstitious; but it is hopeless for me to remain in the house another night. I am conscious me of the necessity of the concealment you put upon me, but I will not be a victim to what I now believe I actually saw last night."

Kelly looked at her young mistress with an extremity of terror. She bent forward with clasped hands, and implored in accents:

"It is a sin rock of you speake de whole truth, Mass'elle Adrienne, for you don' know what kittle 'as oil, den he'd mind wringin' de necks o' we all, for he'd 'spect we 'help he to hab we 'stown's tell you de horrid truth 'bout dis ole house. Dere's a 'ooman been hangin' in dat room dat has happened in its walls. You'd better hab you room put you' head in de lion's mouth dan to back de murster in his frenzies, for sich you'll be sure to do, for you'll wish you had never 'ave born to bring it about. I 'plores you, young mistis, to 'tose all mention o' de strange dream you 'ave had, for de sake o' you own life, for de sake o' God in dis life, so 'happiness in de one to come."

As she concluded, Kelly threw herself in an attitude of supplication at the bed-side, and clasped her hands, as well as moved by the most powerful emotion.

Let this consequences as to cause, I cannot—I will not remain another night in a house I beheld last night. I will not speak of it to Mr. Leeroux, for I will tell him, as you see, how um I to evade him without uttering a falsehood."

"Oh, you hab only to do as I does. Treat de whole matter as a dream, and nothing more. Of you own, what has no foundation in reality. Ef you 'fuse to do dese things den you think on 'll be sure to happen."

Deeply impressed by the manner of the old woman, Adrienne was undecided what to do for the passed, but it was with a deepening conviction of the unsuitableness of her remaining another night in the previous night, and with the resolute determination to leave the house at once, that the Terror which then haunted her grandfather.

Kelly perceived that she had succeeded as calmed her fears for the present, and then arose from her kneeling attitude. As she did so, the shining hair was unrolled, and carefully brushed, and Adrienne, with composed features, assumed a calmed her fears for the present, and then arose from her kneeling attitude. As she did so, the shining hair was unrolled, and carefully brushed, and Adrienne, with composed features, assumed a cold head, which it crowned like a coronal of shining gold. It formed her only ornament, save her quiet, girlish beauty, for the close black dress which she had worn from the time of leaving the unbecoming dress of the sisterhood among when she had been exiled.

By the time she was dressed, Kelly came in with her breakfast, and exhorted her to be calm and quiet, for she would manage everything concerning the incidents of the previous night. She then left the room, and brought her cup of coffee, and a few morsels of biscuit, when Mr. Leeroux's bell rang from his room.

Kelly, with a look of mingled anxiety and alarm, left the room, and Adrienne, with a calmed her fears for the present, and then arose from her kneeling attitude. As she did so, the shining hair was unrolled, and carefully brushed, and Adrienne, with composed features, assumed a cold head, which it crowned like a coronal of shining gold. It formed her only ornament, save her quiet, girlish beauty, for the close black dress which she had worn from the time of leaving the unbecoming dress of the sisterhood among when she had been exiled.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

Conducted by ROBERT BONNER.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

TERMS $3 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

MANLY ASPIRATIONS

Sometimes we want to be a man!

Not that we imagine that we could be better appreciated in breadcloth than in calculus. Not that we imagine that the dignity of supremacy may gain by, and a very tiny woman look better for the addition of, a few inches through the world's crowd, then a brawny giant of a man. But, nevertheless, we do want to be a man, and would give our best bonnet (and pray what can you give more?) for the privilege of lightness and a pair of moustaches!

Sometimes when we encounter trailing two yards of silk or barège over a muddy pavement, we would like to pull down a solid bombast from the superthread extremity, just for the pleasure of showing it right side outward; and sometimes in her countenance when she turned round to request the privilege of "hanging up your parasol, you know!" Wonder whether she wouldn't go home and cut her hair short, and wear pantaloons? We should be just what we did the mischief for. And then, perhaps the other more-fellow of our acquaintance would get a chance to vote—instead of as a vote of thanks!

When we see a great puzzle and perplexity, and don't know how on earth to get out of some knot in the matter, we have a great curiosity to know how a cigar would taste. We never saw a man yet in a quandary, who didn't take counsel with his cigar, and come out of the labyrinth with the end in his mouth. Then, since the days of the—no, that wasn't our meaning, exactly. Let's see—we don't see that the use of cigar work's work both ways.

We are now writing at the railroad station for somebody who is pretty certain not to make the train. Somebody who is in a hurry himself, who can't be persuaded to delay, has got just time enough to get through the crowd of thousand creatures around us who derive so much self-comfort out of the "I told you so."

When a full-blown woman, with a cameo as large as a frying-pan, and more flounces to her dress than a Spanish dancer would hold, comes into a city car when she knows that it is full, and deliberately squeezes herself in, when we want to be a man. Wouldn't we look up from our newspaper with the most insulting air in the world, and the more she eyed us, the more we should bury ourself in it? And then, after five cents a man pays the conductor, if it don't look like a small-sized average of cents!

When the weather is remarkably muggy, and we have a long journey before us, and know that can't be put off on any consideration, then we should like to be asleep! to be able to put on something that wouldn't drag and flap round the ankles—something that we could step through the rain—to go whistling off, with our hands in our pockets—free, easy, and perfectly indifferent on the subject of cuffs and collar-bands!

When we see a party of gentlemen go merrily off to the sea-side or country, while we, miserable wretch, are doomed to stay behind and show our crochet-patterns to their wives, and look after the children when the nurse's talk of anything but their babies and gowns, through the long summer days—then, sometimes, with a tun-party in the perspective, then we would rather be a man! Does anybody understand?

When we see an old maid putting on mincing airs, and wondering what in every-day time we speak without consulting Webster's Dictionary, and looking as if she were afraid to speak ourself on impudent sle-bjects, for the fun of putting her to our confusion—then we would curse, to see what we would say!

When the knife won't hold, and the cook gives warning, and the chimney smokes, and the baby cries, and the white-wash comes on the door, and the house-cleaning woman wants to know "which room she will begin at," if you please, sir?—what wouldn't we give to be able to saunter off to the office, like our better half, and leave somebody else to struggle through the chaos of "Nine Monday"!?

On the whole, there are times when it would be rather a pleasure than otherwise to be a man!

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WILLIS.

impossible to remain without the loss of all self-respect."

"So you preferred risking the loss of your bread and butter to the sacrifice of such a myth as that!—*self-respect!* stuff! As if any one has such a sentiment for the miserable means of subsistence and folly of which human nature is composed."

"Every human being into whom the great Jehovah has breathed a spark of his divinity, must cherish such a feeling. Without it, were of less value than the dead bird that flutters in the blast of autumn. I am afraid you will never comprehend me, Ernest; the noblest and the meanest soul can find no common point of union; yet I should have been glad of a like sacrifice of it spirit with the only human being known to me to whom I am united by ties of blood."

Mr. Lecour laughed more discordantly than he had ever previously done.

"Affinity of spirit! Don't use sentimental jargon in talking with me, Adrienne; it only arouses my cynical feelings. I am a heavy ruin on whose chancelled front flowers would be singularly out of place. Do not hope to cause me by well placed words, into believing anything but the stern, chilling, cynic, fact, of that mean thing, human nature. I have tried it in others, and found it always with the same result. No man sprang from the earth, is of the 'earth earthy,' and none but fools would look for virtue after he has played his little play out."

"I am afraid of the good which he is he accomplished shall live as a heritage of curses or blessings, according to those who enter this," said the soft sweet voice which already began to wind itself into the hidden mazes of the man's being, but feel that a ray of something softer and brighter than it had hitherto known, was stealing into its darkened existence, affording a glimpse of that which it would be had a long and sedulously shut out from both soul and life.

Mr. Lecour threw himself back upon his sofa, again closed his eyes, and said:

"Take a book and read to me what you choose. I shall sleep, or think, and you will be as much at ease a talking effect upon my nerves."

Adrienne complied, and commenced to read what she liked, Adrienne laid aside the volume of Shakespeare, which she had chosen, and took Bible. She read from the Psalms, and after a short, devotional movement, and a brief smile, his features collapsed into their usual pallid expression, and she saw that there was little difference to the words that flowed from her lips. She closed the book at last, for the excitement of the previous night had quite exhausted him. Adrienne was aware that it was by no means strength and guidance in the difficult position in which she found herself placed, and something herself that the slumber of the old man was not feigned, she arose and left the room, and the apartment. As she passed the easel with its unfinished picture, the temptation assailed her to lift the drapery and look upon the work so long and carefully concealed.

She put forth her hand, but a glance toward the sleeping man showed her that his features were disturbed, and that the expression of the dormant spirit was cognizant of her wilful act, and she resigned to let her fortune. She drew back in affright and hurriedly passed on.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

MORNING AND EMPIRE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Morn on the mountain! Morn within the vale!
How sweet the wind upon the tree top wakes,
And calls the bird and stirs the dreaming sail
That idly hang all night above the lakes!
Look, coward soul, the clay-wood sultry shakes
In far off Oregon—then with unfurled,
The wing, overcome, o'er New England makes,
Amid the smoke from happy homesteads curled,
Prophets and sons for the dominion of other worlds!

O, know that here a wondrous Empire sprung—
It fact but flesh hath not a birth so grand!
How man at last seals the Better Song,
And on it writ with loves lower nodded around,
Loving the land his ingathered found,
Despite its blankness—till the world can show
How with the large white Truth his soul was crowned.
And by Freedom, though it proved a cross,
Shone beautiful and bright above the wild sea's wave,

"MY PEACE;"
OR,
THE TWO WIVES OF PHILIP CARSON.

Hester Deane was as lovely as a poet's dream. There was nothing angelic, nothing supernal in her beauty. That lie it which most impresses us as the true human humaneness, if I may be permitted to coin a word to express my idea—its wonderful vitality, was the powerful side on once upon the scenes. Hester was not pretty, nor petite, nor spiritelle. Neither was her beauty of the voluptuous and sensuous order. She had a wonderful fluency and softness of organization, that made this abounding physical life all the more remarkable, and removed it entirely from the sphere of the baser instincts of humanity.

I was still young and ardent, impassitive in my temperament, and the influence of Hester Deane upon me was stronger than any I had ever felt. I was highly sensitive to the influence of female beauty, but none had ever impressed me like hers. I almost worshiped it, became her slave.

To others, Hester, I suppose, was but a charming girl, brilliant, vivacious, full of fire and spirit. To me she was the goddess of my idolatry. No woman believed in her.

She responded to my devotion, she made me happy by several secret tokens of love, and we were betrothed.

I thought no man so greatly privileged as I. To call such a creature wife, to know her mine, to see her growing about my household, and beautifully to have her always by my side, save when the pressing calls of business drew me away from her for brief spaces—was ever man so blest? I thought not, and fondly indulged in pleasant delusion. Hester herself at last tore me from her. She had read the chains that were over, her head thrust the dagger to my heart.

Hester was my wife, and though she at once drew away all love—such love, at least, as a pure woman desires—she never more was indifferent to the senses merely, than when fay neglected them sublime and ideal and spiritual devotion lavished—I denied her nothing that belonged to a station. Diamonds, splendid dresses, elegant equipages, the privilege of flaunting her friends without limit, my own personal attentions—whenever she wished for anything, everything that my wife had a right to demand, had I been, or ever so dearly, trusted her even so much, was hers.

I knew not whether my poor wife had at any time perfect power of control over her passions. Before she had thrown me away from her, had power to a great extent, she also had never been able to divide me into the halves that love was but a high and generous spirit, a little warm, perhaps, but with no ignoble taint.

I think there must have been a species of mental aberration in her case, when the cunning that is often observable in the insane.

But coming entire, while she was raving in her most violent gusts of fury, she would smoothe and collect herself, meditate for awhile, subside from violement gesticulation to lady-like repose of manner, and, assess a moment suffering for the chance, turn to volcano or tornado with a high-bred courtesy.

I would have hid my troubles in my own breast. I could trust Hester, I found, not to betray herself to visitors, or public, but she fortunately she did not deem self-control necessary to the decorum of servants, and those of her class seldom to be trusted with household secrets.

Poor Hester often wreaked the violence of her wrath on them, and when there was not a reasonable and cruel with her first-born child, they were all likely to find their faces, and deny themselves the revenge afforded by spreading the fame of her wrong doing. I made up by holding up the consequences of her wrong to Hester. She bore her an adequate motive, since all others had failed, for discreet selfrestraint. The only result of the quiddity, however in which I attempted to achieve this purpose, was a fit of fury more violent than ever I, or often the victims, had ever witnessed.

She sprang upon me like a tigress. She beat me with her tiny clenched fists; tried to fasten her sharp teeth upon my face; she consulted a secret of mad arts I would not here relate. Foiled in her attempts to wreak her rage upon me, she flew from the room. I thought she had gone, as she often did, to her own apartments, to wear out her anger in wild and violent motion, in destruction of furniture or other valuables. I was only too glad of the temporary relief.

But I was aroused from this hope by a fearful commotion in the direction of the nursery. She had flown, child and furious with her fury, upon the old nurse, once my own, and now placed in charge of my boy, to protect him by her faithful care as much as possible from his mother's violence, had been the author of the disgraceful remove to which I had spoken to her.

The household was alarmed, and as I rushed in the direction of the nursery, a number of servants crowded after me. What a sight met my gaze as I reached the open door!

Upon the floor, partly beneath his overthrown crib, lay the child, filling the air with cries of fright and pain, and, right more fearful! upon the hardwood floor, with hair disheveled and her own blood, that oozed from a fearful wound in the temple, was stretched the ancient nurse, motionless and faithful friend to whom had been entrusted my child. In the centre of the room, still trembling the polished fire-iron with which she dealt the blow, her head thrown back distorted, her eyes blazing with fury, stood, like an avenging fiend, the woman I had once loved.

We hastened to seize her, and though she struggled with almost superhuman strength, she was soon secured. She was carried to her own apartment, where she fell at once into the violent hysterical paroxysms that frequently followed her wilder bursts of fury.

Leaving her there in the care of her maid, I returned in haste to the scene of the disaster.

The servants had by this time lifted the motionless body of the nurse, and laid her upon the bed in an adjoining room. Others had succeeded in partially tranquilizing the screaming child, and one had gone to summon a physician.

Why prolong the story of that dreadful day. Before its close the nurse had ceased to live, and my wife, a prisoner in the hands of justice, only remained beneath my roof because too ill to be removed. To add to the trials of the hour, my boy was found to have received injuries of a very serious nature, the results of which time alone could determine.

* * * *

A year from that fatal day saw me a wanderer in Europe. I had brought my boy to Paris that he might receive the care of one of the most eminent physicians of the day, and celebrated for medical skill. I had left him there under the care of my valet, and was on my way to distract my soul from its heavy burden of sorrow by travel.

Poor Hester was no more. Shame and remorse had quite done their work. Death had come in mercy, and released her from prison, from the trial and doom of a murderess. Of an organization exceedingly fine and sensitive, the reaction of her sufferings upon her health had been both swift and certain. She was with a stronge joy that I closed her beautiful eyes in death. I knew that God is more merciful than man. He, perhaps, would know that some taint of evil transmitted to her, and without her own responsibility, had led her to commit the fearful deed. He, perhaps, might pardon. She was humble penitent.

When I had seen the sod growing green above her grave, I sailed for Europe, turning my back, as I thought, forever upon my native land.

Pollution, mitigation of my boy's sufferings was all that Hester, in her penitence, left me hopelessly, helplessly crippled. I could not bear to stay and see my darling suffer such sleepless nights, to hear him moan and cry for his mamma. Was, all the more, that he could be had passionately loved, and whose absence he had never suffered, and whose love I was a misery to leave him, it was for greater misery to stay.

I visited the Russian empire, saw St. Petersburgh and Moscow, and thence made my way to Constantinople and Egypt. I saw Jerusalem and Bethany, and Jerusalem. I wandered beyond the mountains of Lebanon, and dwelt among the barbarous nomadic tribes of the steppes, and, after a thousand wanderings in Europe, I found myself at Calcutta. There a letter from my boy awaited me. It had been written almost a year before, and, warning me of my boy's increased tenderness, implored me to return to him, and to relieve her of the sole responsibility of his care.

I was stung with remorse as I perused the contents of this letter. I had injustice to me, and deserved to transfer my duty, in my selish sorrow, to another. I had left my son and wife, and he died with no pupil near to watch and soothe him, to smooth the way his infant feet must tread and his little heart must break.

With frantic haste I made my preparations, and was speedily on my way. I took, of course, the overland route, as swiftest, and in a space of time unprecedented, found myself entering Paris, *en route* from Marseilles for my boy's immediate residence.

I drove at once to the lodging where I had left my darling, but, alas! found myself under another quarter of the town, "a new quarter, quite in the suburbs," the landlady informed me, "where le petit Monsieur could have better air, more room, and, besides, had ordered it by the doctor."

"Was the boy living?" I asked, hurriedly.

The concierge did not know, he never left his room, but he thought so. Monsieur's valet, he who knew him. I was fain to curb my anxiety until I could hurry to the distant suburb.

"Madame was ill," said the valet, in response to and understandable also."

I bounded up the long flight of stairs, in my haste scarcely wondering who was this mademoiselle of which the landlady spoke, unless perhaps my sister's young daughter had joined her. A city servant, in livery, opened the door; I hastened past her, and stood in my sister's presence. She was reclining on a sofa with a cry of joy, and when I released her from my arms, I saw sitting near the window, with the pale, earnest face of my boy pressed close to the bosom, a stranger, from whom I could not for until then behold.

She rose up quickly, and gave my boy to my arms. The little fellow clung to me, and stroked my brown cheek and flowing beard with his wasted hands. He could not speak for the lump in his mouth, and nestled close to my breast, and called me "papa" with a thousand fond, loving voices. He grew tired at length, and fell asleep in my arms, and then I had time to look into my sister's questions, and to observe that our guest had quitted the apartment by a different door.

"Our Roselle!" my sister exclaimed. "I had quite forgotten that she was a stranger to you, and also in England. She is a most estimable lady away as soon as you came. She is Mademoiselle de la Pena, the governess of the son and soldier of the Empire, who occupies some tiny rooms on the same floor with us. You will see, you see, but a very angel of mercy. She has done more even than the care we to repay, since Philip took to his present health, after that dreadful journey. I know not what we should do even her for more than we can ever repay, and so do all her neighbors, and all the poor of the quarter—for she visits and relieves them, and there she is to be found quietly doing good."

The next day I was established in Paris again. When my boy went to take his daily drive in the Champs Elysées, I walked by his side in my arms, hastened of the Norman boors who usually propelled the chair. Or, if I was returning from our walk that we met Mademoiselle de la Pena, the same one of whom I had nothing, as we passed it, an old woman following her to the very gate shall receive her reward and blessings.

Mademoiselle blushed and then smiled as she saw us, gently put back her grateful protégée, hesitated a little, then with a graceful courtesy acknowledged my salutation. Once more our road was the same, little Philip was welcoming her in the most affectionate manner. It was impossible that she should leave us until the usual hour of her visit, and I was glad of it. Ere that we had passed the barrier, and were near our home. Then the boy grew weary, and the house took him in her arms to soothe him. Mademoiselle was my neighbor, and she accepted it with simple grace. We outstripped the lagging nurse and the valet, who had observed, and I was charmed by the unaffected simplicity and kindness of heart of my new friend.

Henceforth I saw her every day. I obtained permission to visit the war-worn veteran, her grandfather, and I was pleased with Roselle's attentions to my child, I was profoundly touched by her devotion to the garulous and querulous old man, and I was pleased to see that Roselle was one of the sisterhood of mercy —a sister unprofessed—like many of her class, who quietly and unostentatiously, apparently without design, save the impulse of love abounding souls, devote themselves, time, strength, life to good works. These are our ministering angels in the flesh.

If it is sweet to reflect upon the invisible ministering spirits that hover about our pathway, how satisfying to behold those who, while yet in the form, move with quiet loving kindness in our homes, bringing peace and soothing to every mortal ill and sorrow.

It was only when I made preparations that were to separate me from Roselle that I learned how I loved her. Hitherto I had but vaguely upon, admired and venerated her goodness. I had appreciated, now I found mingling with the feeling something of human passion, and I loved her.

We were going home to America, for Philip would never be better, and his native air was salutary for him. We were going, but Roselle could not leave her grandfather. I dared not ask her, for I perceived her heart, and said to her, that in one year I should return. I had found how I loved her. Philip was to remain with me. I determined it should be but for a little time.

We were quite ready, trunks packed, passports cared—everything completed, and we began to set out that morning for Havre. As we sat at our early breakfast, there was a knock at the door—Roselle's servant came to beg my sister to come to her young mistress. I followed, too, for I learned from the messenger's frightened words, that her master was very ill.

For all illness and suffering grew forever from the decrepitude and suffering of old age, he lay dying, with small belief that the young girl knelt. Silently, in the night time, the messenger had come by my sister's door—for the summons should come like snare, but only the Archangel's trump to the Last Day.

We could not leave Roselle in her affliction and desolation. Our departure was of course countermanded.

Then the funeral was over, and Roselle could think of self and her future, we found she was to be left alone, with all her property in small revolutions. She was homeless also, and poor, and we could not leave her in such utter misery in his life. By my suggestion my sister invited her to accompany us on our homeward voyage, to become her guest, and remain with us in London home. I think little Philip's pleadings decided her, though she may have loved us from anxious glances.

Then we were Prince Behind. Nor has she ever left me. Years ago she came to dwell beneath my roof.

Poor frail and crippled Philip has reached his manhood unmarried. He had been content to stay, for no mother could have loved or tended him as Roselle.

And I, how can I enough thank Him who gave me the angel of my life—my blessed, blessed Peace.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Fare, sir, if you please?"

O, for the good old middle ages! it's an intolerable bore, this living in a century that is meant to floorish in this nineteenth century! Where is confidence? Where is romance? Where wedding sentiment than a ride in the city cars? Where I had landed after a long walk in the Central region of poesy, or groping in the mines of prose, I found myself in a car, and seated at the right instant, the elbow of that inevitable young lady in the green plaid.

"Fare, sir, if you please?"

Into my pocket went my hands, with a unclassical plunge, encountering any quantity of miscellaneous possessions. Cigar-case, pencil, pocket-book, penknife, lucifer-box, memorandum, jolly-dollar-gold piece—Apollo! wasn't there such a thing as small change in my whole stock in trade of emotion? Ah! and with a sigh of infinite sadness, I found myself handing the conductor a bill. And therewith the great of that inexorable biped was upon me. Here I was, a man of fine feelings, very much as a jailer may be supposed to keep the keys of dungeons, and I! Heavens! how stony was rendered particularly aggravating by the fact that I remembered that the last time I had eyes opposite—Nelly Blossom's eyes!

Nelly Blossom was sitting opposite to keenly as at that moment when Nelly's little gloved hand was extricated for her fare from the fairy purse with the grace of a second Venus! I reviled myself remembering the heart condition, like that of silver—I envied the fat old gentleman who pulled the strap at the corner of Something-or-other street and Fifth Avenue. I felt like a boor obviously in love with Miss Blossom for about twisted hands. I was conscious that I must have been an infinite satisfaction to throw myself under the wheels of the car, and be run over.

Don't laugh, reader—you may be in love yourself, some day.

As she tripped past me with a smile and nod and pretty "good by," I watched her graceful, shining slipped from the folds of her gray silk dress, and I—I—I—

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

THE CLOSE OF VOLUME XVIII AND COMMENCEMENT OF VOLUME XIX.—With the present number the LEDGER completes its eighteenth volume, and commences its nineteenth. Every subscription dates from the commencement of a volume; and, as a LEDGER subscription is invariably paid in advance, this number contains the condensed experience of any ten years.

WE OFFER ONCE MORE the LEDGER as the equivalent of the year, or the time for which it is paid, to any one who can continue it for a whole year, and to receive payment for the subscription before the time expires.

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TURKEY.

YES, Turkey is our text; not "the sick men of Europe," but a healthier biped—the fowl that ever stands next to the fruits and flowers of the fowl of the Republic in the estimation of full-blown of intelligent Americans. Not that it commands certain that he does not, at the present juncture, take precedence of the fruits and bird. If their relative popularity could be tested by ballot any time between the 1st of November and the 1st of January, it is quite likely that turkey would win. True, it is the season of the monarch of the cloud soaring heavenward with unbecoming cry," but the memories of the turkey fill us back, indeed carry us forward, in a spectacle to excite the gastric juices and move the mouth to tears. In the Commonwealth of the domestic popularity of our country's emblem bird that is healthful. One can form some idea of the disgusting spectacle he would present if broiled, by looking at the arms of Austria!

But the turkey is a delectable fowl, a creature to grace tables, and to grace, and to adorn, and to eat. There can be no doubt that he was designed for the banquet. He is a luxurious, as much himself. How him—"gobble-gobble!" Can anything be more expressive? What the early Spaniards gave him the name of *Pavon de las Indias*, or "Peacock of the West Indies," as applicable to which his fine-and-feathery style of displaying his rumored plumage excites admiration. He is vainer, however, than the bird of Juno, and he has a right to be, for one side—one of his delicious breast is worth whole stacks of peacocks. His arrogant and impudent gobbleis no doubt engendered the phrase "as cocky turkey," so common in some sections of our country.

The passage of poultry in the Bible confirms our now. He perades the market. Everybody buys him, but everybody is not competent to cook him. Opinions differ, and have always differed, as to the best mode of dressing him. Soyer says it is rank heresy to boil him; Rosario recommends that he be stuffed with truffles—a loud-smelling, wormy, leathery, indigestible species of fungi—and roasted; another professional recommends a living of chestnuts, and an old English cookery-book tells us to "fry" him after this fashion: "Take and cleave your turkey on the back and brains all his bones; then season him with salt and pepper, grease beaten and put into him green of herbes, and so roast him, and give him fervent hidings." The last prescription is worthy of the Vandals.

The true christian way to prepare a turkey is to fill him with internal improvements to the shape of a rich compost, composed of bread, eggs, thyme, pepper, salt, a little lemon-peel, and a very little butter. Then roast him and serve him up with a gravy made of his giblets, seasoned and thickened with a spoonful of the rich flour. If there is anything better than a silver pat from the tender breast of the cherished one, or his "second joint," the savor thereof is unknown to us. As to his pedal extremities, when broiled, nutted, Cayenne-peppered, and—not to put too fine a point upon it—devilled, "they are, gastronomically speaking, "a big thing."

LIBERTY AND LAW.

THE relation between liberty and law is not understood by all. Some think that there is an antagonism between them,—that law has a tendency to restrain liberty, and that the laws are governed the more liberty they have.

Let us look at the matter. What liberty can a man rightfully claim? He can claim the right to act in accordance with his own nature. That he cannot claim a right to inhabit the sea, nor the fish to inhabit the forest. The bird was made to live in the air, the fish, in the water. Man was made to dwell on the land. It is contrary to his true nature, contrary to the end for which he was created to do wrong. His liberty can be circumscribed when he is prevented from doing wrong. He has no right to do wrong, and hence cannot demand liberty to do wrong.

The object of law is to secure to every man the enjoyment of his *rights*,—to secure him against wrong. *Sir James Mackintosh* defines liberty to be, "*security against wrong.*" Now suppose a system of laws to be enacted which shall permit everything that is just and right, and forbid everything that is unjust and wrong, and suppose such a system of laws to be faithfully executed. What would be the result? Every one would be free, for he could do just, and would be protected from all injustice. What more can a man ask than perfect freedom to do right, and perfect security against wrong?

Such a system would be the perfection of law, and the result would be the perfection of liberty. Hence, liberty, instead of being opposed to law, is the result of law. The perfection of law would produce the perfection of liberty.

GROWING SMALLER.

A young lad overheard a conversation which took place between his father and a neighbor. The conversation had reference to a mutual friend, inhabitant of the place. The lad did not pay sufficient attention to understand much that was said. This reason, however, struck him. "He is," said Mr. H., referring to the person respecting whom they were conversing, "he is growing smaller every day."

The lad thought he would see if the remark were true. The next time he met the person, he eyed him narrowly, but could see no diminution of his portly dimensions. He was obliged to have recourse to his father for an explanation of the meaning of Mr. H.'s remark. He found that there were other ways of growing small than by a lessening of the bodily form.

Men grow smaller when they grow pecunious.

Examples of this kind of growth are quite common. "There goes a man," said a princely merchant of New York to a friend from the country, as they passed a man in the street, "there goes a man who was very liberal before he became rich, or before there was a prospect of his becoming rich." When he was doing a small business, he was very liberal in proportion to his means. Some time after, he became very rich when we prepared our right. When he was worth a hundred thousand dollars, he gave away less than when he began business on a capital of two or three thousand, and a part of that increased. When he was worth half a million, it was with great difficulty that he could be induced to give away any thing at all. His wealth had grown large—he had lost grand small.

THE SHAVING QUESTION.

THE unsettled question of "to shave or not to shave" or boards"—has recently been revived abroad with considerable vivacity. In England a clerical reproof has been administered to the whiskered and bearded portion of the church hierarchy, and this has called forth a number of brilliant continental regiments much given to moustache, that lip and bearding are not necessarily

One and inseparable." On the other hand it is urged that if the clergy of the Church of England to wear hair on their faces He would not have created it to spread there; but then if this is a good argument against shaving, it may be assumed with equal propriety that it was kept it to cut our nails go unpared, which would be very inconvenient in the way of writing and playing; so it would prevent us from doubling our fists in the early chuldren, and so on. But we will not shaven and wave flowing locks, wherefore it is insisted that long hair on the face and head is not unpiously or unseemly. Much, however, depends upon the customs of the period in case of this kind. In the days of St. Louis and his Paul, an exhibitor of whisker, moustache and goatee was not his fellow's keeper, but his superior. It is so regarded now, and the jaunty lads of London, who have their spines curled by "young bloods," is certainly not in harmony with the dignity and solemnity of the Christian character. Yet according to some of the English clergy, moustaches and beards are not. The Established Church rival the officers of the dragoon regiments in the length and bushiness of their whiskers. Punch caricatures these positive-bred moustaches, but the caricature does not suit unjustly. The following piece of advice from a leading article in the Illustrated London Hair," by the Rev'd Thomas Hall, published in London, may be worth a few minutes' study. It seems to suit the case of such pulpit fops exactly:

> Go gallants to the barbers, go,
> Ere you can be what you would now,
> God to a bush did once appears,
> But there to shaving of his beard;
> Here's that to deeply insinc: beside
> The examples of the saints
> Such beaten duty interest
> The time that bears it, and the pain.
> And more observance here by fares
> Than all the world can do for prayers.

A HOME FOR DESTITUTE DOGS.

THE world is full of queer anomalies. For example, in the city of London, where multitudes of human beings endure, nightly, the bitterest pangs of want, there is a "Home for Lost and Starving Dogs" with its daily repast, its roses, three of whom are persons, a snacping committee of seven gentlemen, a matron, clerk, and a minister of the gospel for the secretary! Homeless dogs are taken up, picked up, and in the streets, are taken to the "Home," where they are very comfortably fed and lodged. Nothing more comfortably, if we may judge from an English "Home" conducted by the Rev. Secretary, than many Christians for whom London charity, and no tender one. They, indeed, are remembered, has forgot to provide a home. At present only the homeless dog is accepted as a canine shelter, house and hospital, but it is expected by the London press that as funds accumulate, "cats and starving dogs" will be taken in, and then "even the city," from which the mongrel foundlings and castaways will be conveyed to the garret in situation!

There are many ways of treating useless and cumbrous cars. To feed and shelter them at the expense of the hungry and homeless is not to work them up into sausages; but we have little sympathy with the sentimentalism which gathers its tons and tosters to dogs, while men, women and children perish around us, and many more are more favored brutes are rescued. If we might choose for our preference, it would be that the princess and clerical secretary of the London Charitable Dogs' Home would "take in" their your cats and give their kennels and their food to the outcasts of the human race. Wouldn't they would be thankful to be at well housed and fed as your four-legged dependents."

POPULAR OFFICERS.

How ridiculous it is for any officer to try to become popular with his men! It is inconsistent with his discipline, and letting them off easily when they required their duty. The best officer is the indulgent parent that was not at last despised by his children, and who is not respected. What comfort is to be derived as he who makes every pupil his foe? Every man who is determined to be idolized as the Nolesse, the Wellingtons, the Napoleons, the Jacksons, is sure of getting two men's work out of one man? Frederick the Great, and Bald Eagle, and Old Hickory, succeeded in enforcing discipline, but their soldiers revered them. Their every command was obeyed, and they revert lieutenant in our army, and the youngest subaltern in the navy. They are willing to risk his own duty with exactness and regularity, and to perform his part to the death. Duty with exactness and regularity, is always respected, and is the only a certain quantity of manner to be beloved.

A NURSERY PEEP.

As naturally as a little duck takes to the water, so children seem to delight in dirty mud-puddles, and a small girl to handling a broom. It is very curious how instinctively are shown forth in the young child's selection of amusements. There have been little boys, to be sure, that have played with dolls, and even made awkward attempts with the needle. We remember one bad man in a town We had much rather put up with a little extra boisterousness, even in view of an occasional headache, than to see what in our opinion argues a future lack of energy and efficiency. We can embrace intelligent man or woman, is always the troublesome child, the one generally busy and proving at this day. And a parent who would properly directing this activity, through indolence, may look to have a family of lazy, chilerous and hurtful channels. Home education—nursery education—is no pastime because an idle hour. It is a high—duty—serious—sweet labor, and to the faithful parent will always find it, notwithstanding all drafts on physical strength. And yet how many curious, wistful, rude hands, sweep over those delicate chords, snapping one, over-straining another, loosening a third, and jarring the whole instrument, translated to them so perfect from the hands of its Maker, till it sends forth only a life-long discord.

FANNY FERN.

THE CAMPAIGN OF ASPERN AND ESSLING.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE city of Ratisbon is situated but a few miles from Eckmuhl, on the right bank of the Danube. The Austrians, after their disastrous defeat at Eckmuhl had been driven across the river into the walls of Bohemia. Napoleon took possession of the city. Having buried his own dead, and cared tenderly for his sick and wounded, he commenced the pursuit of the flitable towards Vienna. One Austrian army of 200,000 men he had driven shattered; still there were 300,000 more preparing to arrest his progress. The regiments their batteries, were almost every entrance, and upon the banks of every stream but the French soldiers, in this march, appeared to pay no more regard to shot and shell than to the whistling of the winds. Through the most awful scenes of carnage, and through an almost unobstructed battle, they pressed on towards Vienna.

On the 17th of May, one month after the invading Austrians crossed the Inn, Napoleon appeared before the walls of Vienna. The city, containing, with its suburbs, some 300,000 inhabitants, is built upon a small area or crest of the Danube, about two miles in length by one in breadth. The Austrian army was mainly upon the other side of the river, hastening to the protection of the capital. Napoleon, anxious to save the beautiful city, commenced a siege of truce, summoning it to surrender. The officer to whom the flag was committed was fired upon, and a fire was opened upon the French from the city walls.

Immediately the fire was returned from the French batteries, and a terrible storm of shot and shell was showered down upon the city for ten hours. The cannonade of the next day was renewed, and subsequent bebbi, was lying sick in one of the palaces. The following day, the 13th, Napoleon, under the cruel necessity of leaving their wounded behind them, in the hands of the enemy, sent a flag of truce to the commander of the city, informed of the position of the princess, changed his head-quarters to the palace, and ordered that not be endangered. It was soon manifest that the city could not be defended, and a capitulation was signed.

In just four weeks after the Austrians crossed the Inn, Napoleon entered Vienna in possession of Vienna. All private property was respected by the victors. Napoleon issued one hundred pieces of cannon, and an inestimable amount of ammunition, and a large number of the victor.

The people of Vienna," said Napoleon, in a proclamation to his soldiers, "abandoned, without cause, and in a cowardly manner, the capital, but its good citizens under my especial protection. As to the Austrians and the wickets, they shall meet with exemplary justice. Be kind to the poor peasants and to the inhabitants, and we have so many children upon your esteem. Let us be manifest and as of our enemies. Let us see in it but a proof of that disorder which which punishes the ungrateful and the perjured."

In tender contrast with the conduct of the Austrians, instead of employing his own troops for the protection of the palace of Schoenbrunn, the Austrians, 1,800 of whom mounted guard every night, Napoleon placed in the palace Austrians, 1,800 of whom mounted guard every night, Napoleon placed in the palace

Napoleon had 60,000 men in Vienna. The invasion by night, and the enemy on the left river, had assembled 100,000 troops, and was hastening to his ranks. The Danube here is a broad river, about a mile and a quarter wide. It was apparently impossible to force a passage in the face of the whole force of the Austrians, 1,800 of whom mounted guard every night, Napoleon placed in the palace

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The Emperor secretly made his preparations, for the 20th of May, for crossing the numerous bridges across, and took such strong possession of the island as to exclude all fear of being expelled by the Austrians. Pontoon bridges were hastily prepared to cross the narrow creek on the left of the island, and the crossing commenced. On the next night were employed in transporting the troops across to the north shore of the Danube. Twenty thousand had crossed and taken possession of the village of Aspern, and were posted on the edge of the great plain of Marchfeld, when the Austrian infantry, with three hundred pieces of artillery, came thundering down upon them. Napoleon was confident that the passage of the bridges was secure, and that by the time his troops had crossed, he could repel the Austrians.

Ten thousand of the French troops had now been crossed. The Austrian columns and artillery trains were causing the waters to rise, and the bridges were thrown with increased velocity against the floating timbers. The river was rising rapidly, and with storms, to break them down, took vast rafts, and even large fragments of the bridges on fire. Napoleon, aware that the passage of the river was impossible for the space of the hours thus passing, was everywhere present, carrying his head-quarters in the saddle or the tobtle.

Night at length put an end to the conflict. Thousands of luvenue fires lighted up the scene for a while, and then all was extinguished. The exhausted soldiers slept upon their arms amidst the dead and dying. Napoleon remained with the whole night to urging forward the transportation of his troops and munitions. On the next day, 60,000 troops were marshalled around the village of Aspern, and the battle opened. The Austrians had now 100,000 troops, with 300 guns. The French had 50,000 men, with 100 guns. Infantry and six thousand horse now charged the centre of the army. With such reckless energy did the French troops rush into the conflict, defiant of mutilation and death, that the fire was soon literally blown out by the blast from the dragoons rode in among them, advising the most terrible carnage and waste of life. Upon rear rose from the victorious host, almost drowning the clamor of the battle.

But a small portion of the ammunition had been brought from the island, as it was not deemed safe to bring it over until there were men enough to defend it. In this moment of victory the appalling intelligence was brought to the Emperor that the flood had swept away the great bridge, carrying down upon its fragments a company of cuirassiers. There were indeed dreadful tidings. The one small bridge which remained was not sufficient for orbiting supplies or for effecting a retreat. Yet Napoleon manifested not the slightest alarm. No conceivable disaster could cause him, for a moment, to lose his self-possession. The Austrians had heard of the destruction of the bridge, and, with a shout of exultation they arrested their flight, and turned upon their pursuers. Just at that moment a cannon-ball struck General Lannes, one of Napoleon's most devoted friends, and took off both of his legs. The Emperor hastened to the latter, and, his eyes filled with tears, aimed the head of his dying friend. A few most touching words of affection were interchanged, when the Emperor turned again to the terrible duties of the battle-field.

The conflict had now raged for thirty hours. Night was again approaching. Napoleon decided to retreat to Lobau, if Massena could by any possibility hold the village of Aspern to cover his retreat against the overwhelming odds. The sid, sent with the message, found the brave general seated upon a pile of smouldering rubbish, his person singed with flame and blackened with smoke, and the dying and the dead all around him.

"Go till the emperor," said this indomitable man, "that I will hold out two hours—three—twenty four—as long as it is necessary for the safety of the army."

Napoleon gave the island of Lobau swept the banks to keep the enemy at a respectful distance, and, all silnight, aided by the darkness and the exhaustion of the enemy, the retreat commenced. At two o'clock in the morning that the Austrians perceived the retrograde movement. Imperiously they commenced the assault. But Massena beat back the assailants, and through the very last man who should cross the bridge. The bravest were driven into the river to swim across. Not a wounded man, not a cannon, not a wagon, not a single piece of baggage fell into the hands of the enemy. Then Massena stepped upon the bridge, and the last soldiers which bound its tail to the bank. The other end of the floating structure had been secured to the island. A trench swept it down till it reposed in its whole length along the island shore. The French were now safe for a time, in their retreats. Thus terminated the most sanguinary battle of modern days.

During the long and desperate fight upon this bloody field, 28,000 Austrians and 23,000 Frenchmen perished.

Vienna, fifteen hundred miles from Paris," said Napoleon to his generals, "maintains, as it were, in the heart of a conquered monarchy, in the very capital, the whole of the army collected, to astound men of courages. We have no cause for discouragement. This will merely prolong our campaign two months."

AN ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR JENNETT,—"How shall you, a seventy girl, become a woman in the course of a year?" How lucky you applied to just the right person to ask that question! Well, then, if you are walking with a companion, and one of your own sex, and you should happen to stumble, you should notice, give your friend a sudden and perceptible "wudge," at the same time designating by a inclination of your head, the person whom you have noticed. Then you will be the quick you quickly for your purpose, don't be discouraged, because it will be quite proper for you to follow and pass her, and then turning square round, so that you can look her full in the face, and walk out your design successfully. Or, if you prefer, you can follow her into a shop, and pushing him a rush behind her. At the moment perfect to examine the same goods she is looking at, up, while you are taking notice of her appearance. If you find the store too dark for this, you can easily remedy it, as you will be in a ready to come out, and obstruct her egress till your inventory is quite complete. Of course, the same rules apply to riding in an omnibus, or sitting in church, or anywhere else. Wherever and whenever you feel a disposition to look anybody out of countenance, or edify them by your opinion of their dry goods, or make a running comment upon their personal appearance, do it. If you are not quite certain of the material of any lady's dress, I assure you, from being once put through this scrutiny myself, that you may get a full and correct description of it by taking a fold of it between your thumb and finger, repeating to her, "Yes, it is silk," and pass on, without violating any rule of Godiva propriety. In fact, you need be under no apprehension of doing an improper or impolite thing; for as even in your native Fig-town, where the men wear the same hat all the year round, and the women only two bonnets in a life-time, could there exist a greater, or carelessly, or a greater mode of expression of it. Here, as there, my dear, if you happen to live in New York, if you are a female lady, you may run from the front window to the side window, from the kitchen to the back window, to find out all you want to know about a passing cloak, mantle, silk, dress, or bonnet. The owner disappears from the range of your straining eyeballs.

If your cousin Obadiah thinks of accompanying you to the theatre, and you are ashamed of the New York walk in Broadway there abroad, with lighted cigars in their mouths, issuing a long trail of choky fragrance in the faces of the ladies who walk behind; although by going on the opposite side, they could not only avoid the "detestable long skirts" they are always forming in the streets, but also have the advantage of every woman who goes out for a moonlight of fresh air. Also, tell Obadiah that if he is working with a lighted cigar in his mouth behind any female, his face, or dress, or curly, he will be obliged to you.

I see" said the Culprit, "The story is pleasant; but of course it was not true to life."

The Scholar even truly—the spouse of a peasant Could never have such a fine mind.

And now for the hero?" "That was harder, I own, For, my dear, the biggest of fibs

(Of course they're meant for everyone to have known)

Are those which are told by oneself.

But the touch was apparent, the moment I learned What the animal thought of the two;

The Dog was a gentleman, every inch,

But was plainly delighted with you?"

Well, we do manage to get on, I believe,

As one whom devotion employs;

The living his labor, the dead his smile,

He said, in a reverent voice:—

Then he stood with uncovered head in grace!

They wisdom is greater than mine,

I would that its riches were mine in his place.

As well as thou servest in thine?

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned teaching of sewing, "a stitch in time saves nine?" Many young girls in New York could clothe make or their garments of any sort without it. The perplexity of French and drawing lessons; these are very well in their place, but how the young ladies who pride themselves on these accomplishments sew a button on, or darn a stocking, or mend a gown, or reasewed work-bot, do they know how to mas it? Could they make a button hole, or sew on a button? Is there in the mothers of little girls, whom in after years they would be sorry not to have understood the use of the old-fashioned branch of knowledge. For one I deplore that fashion has so entirely banished it from our female schools; it is a disgrace to any American girl to remain ignorant of the knowledge of economy, of any assistance in the way of plain sewing. Mothers, of course, are more to blame than teachers; for the latter generally teach what is required by those who entrust children to their care. Also for the good old dame who used to inspect seams and buttons holes so conscientiously, that every girl she dismissed perfect in all these particulars, as essential to the comfort of a family. No women, when she is married, can say, that she was always command the assistance necessary for this department of labor. Is not the subject at least worth a thought from the "accomplished" mothers of the present day, who regard to their pretty but useless daughters.

FANNY FERN.

THE CALIPH AND THE CRIPPLE

AN ARABIAN TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

The Caliph, Ben Akar,—whose surname was "Wise,
From the window and will he displayed,
One morning rode forth in a sandman's disguise
To see how his laws were obeyed.

While riding along, in a leisurely way,
His beggar came up to his side,
And said, "In the name of the Prophet, I pray
You'll give your wife a penny!"

Ben Akar, amazed at the swordsman's prayer,
Asked where he was wishing to go?
"I'm going," he said, "to the neighboring fair;
Don't you think you had one yourself?"

"Get up!" said the Caliph,—"a saddle like this
Is hardly sufficient for two;
And yet, you see, I have greatly miss
To such a poor cripple like you!"

The beggar got up, and together they rode
Till they came to the neighboring town,
Then they gave up their horses to the Caliph abode,
He bade his companion get down.

"Say, dost down yourself?" was the fellow's reply,
Without the least shame or remorse;
"Indeed!" said the Caliph, "and pray tell me why?"
Quoth the beggar, "To give me the horse!

"You know very well that the rag is my own;
And if you resist to my right,
I'll go to the judges my story alone
Sufficient to carry the case."

"The Caliph is reckoned the wisest of men,
But that don't make much for you;
After bowing to both, 'tis so hundred to ten
The simple will get the best of the two."

"Very well" said Ben Akar—astonished to hear
Such words from a beggar in rags—
"If the Caliph is wise, there is little to fear
That I soon shall recover my horse."

"I appeal!" said the beggar—"whither the decree,
And the Caliph will find out soon!"
"As to that," said the other, "we'll presently see,"
And so to the Caliph they went.

In chamber that a cause was expressing the Caliph,
And both parties obtained the identical lady
As being his own lawful wife.

The one was a peasant; a scholar the other;
And each made a speech in his turn;
But that was was a very particular brother—
The various refused to be sworn.

"Enough for the present," the Caliph declared,
"Come back in the morning," said he;
"And now you Ben Akar, you don't be surprised
To hear what your grievance may be."

Ben Akar was puzzled, but said not a word,
When the beggar so easily replies,
"I present, by the Prophet, that the fellow has stated
A parcel of impudent lies!

"I was coming to market, and when I descried
A man by the wayside alone,
Having weary steed and his—why I gave him a ride;
Now he swears that the horse is his own!"

"Very well," said the Judge, "let us go the stable,
And each shall have his own property."
Ben Akar went first, and was coolly able
To point out the animal's head.

The caliph went next; though the stable was full,
He knew his own animal's tail;
And then he addressed the two men in order,
And thither the ailiffs and people went.

"Now tell us the Judge's decree."
From calling the fellow, who sued for his spouse,
His House than scolds and'er—
"The woman is yours; take her home to your house,
And don't let her show off on me!"

Then calling before him Ben Akar,—whose mane
Stood erect in confusion and fear,
He said—"By the Prophet's tailorbills laws,
The horse is undoubtedly yours!

"And as for the beggar, I further decide
His villainy fairly has earned
Fifty stripes of the bastinado on his hide;
Substitute! The court is adjourned!"

Ben Akar that night sought the Caliph's abode,
And said, "The Caliph you see!
Your Highness has taught me a wonderful rule,
I am Akar Ben Akar to thee!"

The Caliph, shaded, laid his hand of hers,
And, kissing his majesty's hand,
Said, "Now that you know it, I pray do to my house!
I wait for your royal command?"

"I his would possess," was the Caliph's reply,
"Your House I'll be glad to see;
How your House discovered where justice might be
Just fifteen centuries to me."

"Why, as to the women," the Caliph replied,
"I'll tell you the truth, I declare,
Just taking the lady a moment, aside,
I said, "Pitt my husband, Ben Akar!"

"And quick, at the order, the bottle was taken,
And the stairs were mounted with speed,
As one whom devotion employs;
The living his labor, the dead his smile,
He said, in a reverent voice:—

"I see!" said the Caliph; "The story is pleasant;
But of course it was not true to life."
The Scholar even truly—the spouse of a peasant
Could never have such a fine mind.

And now for the hero?" "That was harder, I own,
For, my dear, the biggest of fibs
(Of course they're meant for everyone to have known)
Are those which are told by oneself.

But the touch was apparent, the moment I learned
What the animal thought of the two;
The Dog was a gentleman, every inch,
But was plainly delighted with you?"

Well, we do manage to get on, I believe,
As one whom devotion employs;
The living his labor, the dead his smile,
He said, in a reverent voice:—

Then he stood with uncovered head in grace!
They wisdom is greater than mine,
I would that its riches were mine in his place.
As well as thou servest in thine?

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned teaching of sewing, "a stitch in time saves nine?" Many young girls in New York could clothe make or their garments of any sort without it. The perplexity of French and drawing lessons; these are very well in their place, but how the young ladies who pride themselves on these accomplishments sew a button on, or darn a stocking, or mend a gown, or reasewed work-bot, do they know how to mas it? Could they make a button hole, or sew on a button? Is there in the mothers of little girls, whom in after years they would be sorry not to have understood the use of the old-fashioned branch of knowledge. For one I deplore that fashion has so entirely banished it from our female schools; it is a disgrace to any American girl to remain ignorant of the knowledge of economy, of any assistance in the way of plain sewing. Mothers, of course, are more to blame than teachers; for the latter generally teach what is required by those who entrust children to their care. Also for the good old dame who used to inspect seams and buttons holes so conscientiously, that every girl she dismissed perfect in all these particulars, as essential to the comfort of a family. No women, when she is married, can say, that she was always command the assistance necessary for this department of labor. Is not the subject at least worth a thought from the "accomplished" mothers of the present day, who regard to their pretty but useless daughters.

FANNY FERN.

HOW BULLETS ARE MANUFACTURED.—On one

eighth page will be found a very interesting account of the process of making musket balls and Minnie balloons in the United States' arsenals, written for the Lessons by a gentleman who has been for many years connected with one of those institutions.

PRINCIPLES LITTLE TROUBLE.—Principle should always be unbidden, and especially in connection with little things; for if there be no principle in things which are small, woe are unto him will be none in things which are *great*.

THE BANNER-STARS.

BY REV. RALPH ROYT.

The Stars! the Stars! In chorus
My Country shout amain;
Our Banner-stars shall o'er us
Their splendor still maintain.
Hail Tuscarora!
Thou! evermore
In radiance shall reign!

Once o'er our land of sorrow
A fierce tornado fled,
While darker seemed each morrow,
And heavier the dread.
When, in sorrow,
The bright Tuscarora
Amid the stars of God!

The hues of sunset streaming,
In radiance fair and bright,
Bring with the dusk's blessing,
Prophecy of night!
And tyrants know
The omen true,
The men, the red and white.

A Continent for freedom!
Old nations heard the flame;
And, from the hills of Rome,
Looked at the rising dawn;
Came rushing by
Where stripe and star
Shone with a living flame.

Then Industry rose sweeping
The Earth, in search of wealth;
The lake, the river, dipping
Their virgin cups for health;
Will sing a star
Emblazoned for
The Banner of the free!

Lo, now, from hill to ocean
In multitudes they stand!
Home, temples of devotion,
The nation of contrast!
While millions throng
O'er all our strong,
Unconquerable land!

Great land of love and beauty,
Of poetry and myth,
Religion, truth and duty,
Equality and worth:
The hope, the rest
For the oppressed;
The Morning-star of Earth!

Our Flag! Shall traitors sever
The starry circle now?
No! It shall bind forever
One Air immortal bear,
Foul Treason flee!
One People we,
In one eternal vow!

Yes, by our Union's Token,
By all our force so high,
Where'er this Cloth doth betoken,
Where'er it flies,
Will soon to love,
Nor joy's passing sigh,

The Stars! the Stars! In chorus
My Country shout amain;
Our Banner-stars shall o'er us
Their splendor still maintain!
Hail Tuscarora!
That evermore
In radiance shall reign.

VASCO PERES,
THE COOPER OF ALCOBAÇA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER XII.

"Great misfortune says to prosperity, not quiet is adversity."

After partaking of some refreshment and indulging in a few hours repose, Elvira felt herself invigorated, so that when Vasco Peres called later in the day, he found her in better spirits than he could have expected.

When Vasco presented himself, Elvira blushed and became slightly agitated; but this was soon succeeded by a calmness, and she soon regained her composure. Not so Vasco; ever since his visit to the prison, his thoughts had continually dwelt upon the bitter part of their conversation. At times he was sanguine; then again he would doubt of that which Violante's words had too calculated to convey to his mind, and he would endeavor to draw his thoughts into another channel; but they never failed returning to the object that filled his heart. There had he spent the hours, wavering between hope and despair. It is not therefore surprising that he should give signs of confusion on finding himself in the presence of the lovely being that he supposed his whole mind absorbed their last meeting; and Elvira failed not to notice a degree of embarrassment in his demeanor, which she had never perceived before. The lady of Rama was the first to speak:

"Can you forgive me, my friend?" said she, extending her hand, which he pressed to his lips.

"Forgive you?" echoed Vasco, "wherefore these words, lady?"

"For being the unwilling cause of all your misfortunes."

"O, soubras! speak not thus," replied Vasco, earnestly; "we can none of us control our fate. Yet I believe not in fatality or unavoidable destiny; we are rather like the ball, the course of which is directed by the dexterous kick or blow of those that take a share in the game, modified in a degree by its own elasticity. You had no direct part in bringing about what has befallen me; we have both suffered from the wickedness of one and the same man. I would readily give up mine that I once possessed, could I thereby give you back what you have lost."

"Your kind heart, Vasco, blinds you to the many thousand times more than the fee?"

"Alas! I know it, fair Lopo, who prevailed upon the soldier to let me go? Who informed me that you must entertain no hopes of being rejuvenated of your estates?"

"And what think you of this, Vasco Peres?"

"In truth I cannot guess my fate; I know myself in as engima; he would not allow me to splendid this king, while giving unmistakable signs of compassion on your account.

"The interest he takes in your affairs is no less manifest. I rejoice at least that there is some prospect for you."

"If the promise be ever realized, you, lady, shall commend all that I may come to possess."

"You have a noble soul, Vasco Peres; it might serve as a fair pattern to many who lay claim to higher worth," said Elvira, with emotion. "Meanwhile, my friend, we are neither one of us better off than the other; both turned adrift upon the wide world without a roof to boast of—and your sweet sister here!"

"O, soubras!" said Violante, with moistened eyes, "this is of little consequence to us; you are the one that deserves most consideration."

"Yes, soubras," added Vasco, with warmth, "my niece says well. We have but little; we were born to the hardships of life. But that your unmerited fall should be so sudden and so great, is most unfortunate to those who have had a hand in it, fro Lopo may say what he pleases. But hear me, noble lady, while Vasco Peres lives you shall never know want. Those arms were made to labor, and I am too well known to fail in finding work. If I cannot offer you a palace and the comforts you were used to enjoy at Alcis and Rama, I may at least promise you shelter and nourishment till better times come round."

"In sooth, I have been brought but a burden to you of late," said Elvira; "the ebb of my prosperity has dragged you and your sister along, even to ruin; and I fear me that my ill-starred presence will bring no fresh—"

"Would you then despise the humble invitation I had hoped to tender to you?" said Vasco, as if pained, and breaking in upon the lady's speech.

"Despise! my kind friend."

"You accept then? How no scruples, lady; you and Violante shall have a house to yourselves; my carriage, I trust, will be sufficient to furnish you with the necessary comforts of life."

"Say, sister, you and this two women cannot well inhabit a lonely house. Would you then leave us without protection?" replied Elvira with a playful smile.

VASCO PERES AND THE LADY OF RAMA.

"Bear with me, noble lady; I dare say no more for the time being, save that you will know all hereafter."

"Canst thou think of leaving us at such a time, when a battle is about commencing, from whole place may ere long be at the mercy of an unruly soldiery?" said Violante, reproachfully.

"It must needs be so, Violante; there is no alternative," replied Vasco; "but credit me, my sweet sister, I would not leave you here unless I felt assured that the house of Rama and its dependencies were in safe hands. I am believed all that might have been told of the affliction that had overtaken you on account of Rama."

"That which is beyond the scope of my comprehension, is to see the seniors support her trouble with so much equanimity; to see her smile, where others might well be held excused for weeping; to hear her speak in gentle tones, when many in her place would breathe curses, and call on Heaven to send forth fortunes to revenge the evil done them. An angel could do no more," said Vasco, as he gazed fondly, whose prejudices against nobles were never above or even like the generality, with the gentle-hearted lady of Rama.

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"Say, rather, an angel, Bras," remarked Vasco, "that is is only given to such as possess gracious gentleness and patience to manifest fortitude and equanimity under misfortune? Knowing the world as Violante has done, my lady Donn Elvira, we should not marvel how it is she shows more courage than most men similarly circumstanced would do."

"Nay, you would lead me beyond what my poor deserts might justify," said Elvira to Bras, with a feeble smile; after all, the wreck of joys of man and friend be wealth, for they cannot be purchased. Peace of mind exists by the knowledge that we have done to evil, that we live for others as well as for ourselves. Bodily enjoyment and comfort are but habits; the body craves but little to be at ease, and that little is within the reach of all. Why, I not take in the pure air of Heaven, or may I not gaze upon the bright stars above, as well sitting here as in the bowers of Rama or Alcis? What matters it that my fare is a little homelier? will I lack health thereby? nay, is it not like to keep my blood in a better state? Believe me, my good friends, we are all from the same mould. The palaces soon adapt itself to changes—like to be mind, which becomes capable of ingesting contented and happy among her humble but gene rous friends, nor were the latter blind to the motives that actuated her.

"The thought," continued she, "which troubles me the most, is that I should become a burden to one already weighed down with misfortunes."

"Beseech, it grieves us to hear you talk thus," said they all in a voice.

"But, my good companions at this early trial It is no slight matter for such as can their bread by honest labor to tender hospitality."

"Peace, Senhoras!" interrupted Vasco, "there are none here but Bras and myself, we are accustomed to the rough and ready, we should not feel your presence, and the sight of you is a joy for our home, dearest lady."

"This joy will be yours only for a short time, for if I live I mean to take upon myself the care of seeing to the lady's comfort. I have been robbed of all I had, but that all was the fruit of my own exertions. I am not like the tall, bark pine-tree, but rather like the oak, which, when shorn of its spreading branches, sprouts forth anew. What little pith and vigor I may boast of will increase tenfold."

While Vasco was speaking thus, in an earnest tone, a figure was seen advancing through the evening twilight. He approached with slow steps, leaning upon a staff, and in a few minutes he was near enough for the inmates of the cot to discover, by his garb, that he was a pilgrim. It was not unusual for such strangers always frequented by hundreds of pilgrims, going to or returning from different shrines.

"Good even to you, friends," he said, accosting the group; "I might the poor pilgrim from a shelter for the night, and a mite of food to refresh him from his journey?"

The pilgrim's cloak, and the long, bushy grey beard which completely shrouded his features, were all covered with dust. Through apparently past middle age, the man still seemed to possess great vigor, and his frame was of a powerful build.

"For thy blessing, good pilgrim, thou shalt have what my house can offer," replied Bras, rising, and offering a seat to the stranger. He seated till the good woman prepare you wherewith to break your fast. Have ever you come from Compostella?"

"I am even right, my kind host, for I see you are the master of this house," rejoined the pilgrim; "I come from the shrine of the holy apostle Santiago, where I passed his festival and did a vow in fulfillment of my vow, and finally left there on the first of this month. 'Tis a long journey to make on foot, nor am I at the end of it, for Santarem is my home."

"Ay, 'tis a three days' walk, hence," said Bras.

"As you come from the north, I dare say you passed not far from Rama," said Vasco, who had asked Vasco.

"Rama!" I spent the whole of yesterday at Leiria, to rest myself," replied the pilgrim.

"Rama was destroyed by fire and sword," said Vasco.

"None of much consequence; one like my self is not of place in the midst of armed men; I was therefore left to my fate, and escaped the doings of a camp."

"A fortunate circumstance for you, pilgrim," said Vasco, with a smile; after all, the wreck of joys of man and friend be wealth, for they cannot be purchased. Peace of mind exists by the knowledge that we have done to evil, that we live for others as well as for ourselves. Bodily enjoyment and comfort are but habits; the body craves but little to be at ease, and that little is within the reach of all. Why, I not take in the pure air of Heaven, or may I not gaze upon the bright stars above, as well sitting here as in the bowers of Rama or Alcis? What matters it that my fare is a little homelier? will I lack health thereby? nay, is it not like to keep my blood in a better state? Believe me, my good friends, we are all from the same mould. The palate soon adapts itself to changes—like to the mind, which becomes capable of ingesting contented and happy among her humble but gene rous friends, nor were the latter blind to the motives that actuated her.

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"As you will, soubras; I shall be content to guard you from harm at night, like a faithful watch-dog."

"And prove a companion also, at times, that the hours may not hang too heavily," added Elvira in the same tone as before.

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" cried Violante, leaping for joy. "Vasco, it behooves thee to seek an abode at once. Perhaps that wicked Don Garcia would visit us on the house we once called our's; what can he want with it? and for the matter of insulting, we could easily run it; for, Heaven be praised! Vasco Peres bears a good name."

"For the next few days, the Senhors Donn Elvira will, I hope, consent to abide in her present lodging; as it would be very difficult for me to attend to any other arrangements for the present."

"Wherefore?" asked Violante.

"Because there is but little time left me to make certain necessary preparations to be off tomorrow."

"Whither go you, then?" enquired both females in one voice.

"There is business of importance which calls me away for a day or two; but you will be well cared for during my absence."

"Is there a secret which must not be told?" asked Elvira.

"Bear with me, noble lady; I dare say no more for the time being, save that you will know all hereafter."

"Canst thou think of leaving us at such a time, when a battle is about commencing, from whole place may ere long be at the mercy of an unruly soldiery?" said Violante, reproachfully.

"It must needs be so, Violante; there is no alternative," replied Vasco; "but credit me, my sweet sister, I would not leave you here unless I felt assured that the house of Rama and its dependencies were in safe hands. I am believed all that might have been told of the affliction that had overtaken you on account of Rama."

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"That which is beyond the scope

which was scarcely less sombre, and still more calculated to inspire dread.

At one end was a large table, at which were seated a judge, five Lepo and a scribe, while at a little distance stood two men, whose duty it was to obey the judge in the application of the instruments of torture, which were soon arrayed the apartment.

"What is thy name?" asked the judge, as soon as the prisoner was produced.

"Lorenzo Simões," replied the latter, omitting the epithet consciously affixed to his name.

"Lorenzo Simões, art thou willing to answer truthfully each and every question put thee, or hold thee rather under a severer acquaintance with some of those ornaments?" asked the judge, pointing significantly at the dire objects that stood about.

The prisoner did not reply immediately; he surveyed the instruments, and while doing so a ghastly pallor came over his face, his limbs trembled violently, and his eyes betokened excess of terror. At length he said, in a troubled voice:

"Say, you would only warn your prisoner, without obtaining more from me than I am now prepared to impart. I promise you I'll disclose all I know, only keep me from those ugly things."

"What was thy purpose last night?"

"To speak Dona Rivira Forjo first, and then, if I had succeeded in doing so without disturbing any one in the house, I would have stabbed Vasco Pereira."

"And why didst thou not make the attempt on Vasco while he was alone?" asked the Lepo.

"Because it was not certain that instant death would have followed the blow; and by rousing others, Dona Rivira would have escaped."

"Her death was, then, more important in thy eyes?"

"Precisely."

"And why so?"

"Because such was the instruction I received; I was to make sure of the life of Dona Rivira."

"Hence it appears thou were set on to do this deed?"

"Aye, I was paid for it," replied the hardened villain.

"By whom?"

"I know not."

"How, thou knowest not! Beware how thou triflest with the law," said the judge, in a threatening tone.

"I repeat, I know not; and by all the saints, I swear I speak nothing but the truth. He who employed me on this business was a stranger to me."

"What sort of person was he?"

"By the dress, he seemed to be one of the people; and he wore such a long, thick beard that it would be impossible for me to describe his face otherwise."

"Hast thou ever seen Dom Garcia de Cabrio?" asked Frei Lopo.

"Often; he is of those parts."

"Did the man who bargained with thee resemble him in any respect?" continued the questioning tone.

"I repeat, I know not; and by all the saints, I swear I speak nothing but the truth. He who employed me on this business was a stranger to me."

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"Good Heavens! you would not suspect?" exclaimed the judge.

"I did not say I suspected any one; it is a simple question I ask," replied the monk, phlegmatically. "Answer me, prisoner."

"The man who spoke to me not," replied Lorenzo, "had no resemblance whatever with Dom Garcia; he was much shorter, stout, and quite of a different shape."

"How many did he give thee?" asked frei Lopo.

"Ten doubloons, with the promise of a like sum if I proved successful."

"And thou and where wert thou to receive it?"

"I was to have met him an hour after midnight by the cross near the ford; he agreed to wait an hour for me in case I should be detained. So you see you would not find him there now."

Frei Lopo paused in his interrogatories, and for some minutes appeared to reflect.

"Have you any more inquiries to make, reverend sir?" or, if you think the prisoner knows more than he has confessed, we can have him put to the question?" suggested the judge.

"Nay, I deem it needless; you may remand him," replied the monk; and Lorenzo was taken back to prison.

The foregoing was not a regular trial, as will have been perceived, but merely a private examination. The judge, who was subject to the jurisdiction of the monastery, had been directed by the abbot to proceed in this informal way, in order to elicit certain information of an important nature, which admitted of no delay; and frei Lopo had been deputed by his superior to take part in the examination. This is the reason why we saw the judge leave the convent and the cave in the hands of the monk. The latter, who had received from Vasco a circumstantial account of all that had occurred at the house of Rua Martins since the arrival there of Dom Garcia de Cabrio, was convinced that the Lord of Valverde was at the bottom of the whole business; and, knowing something of the man, he thought it likely that he had taken precautions against detection; and hence he was inclined to believe the prisoner's statement, concluding that he would not further the object he had in view by having Lorenzo subjected to torture.

* * * * *

A little while after Lorenzo's imprisonment, and just before the troops took their departure from the castle, Forma Rodrigues repaired to Cabrelio's apartment.

"How now, Formão; is Dona Elvira Forjo gathered to her fathers?" asked Valverde, cruelly.

"It grieves me to say no."

"On upon thee, knave; didst thou not guaranty success?" exclaimed the baron, in a fierce tone.

"I can but a man, seigneur; my sight was like wise of our species, and you know it is given alone to the divine or infernal powers to be infallible."

"I want none of thy philosophy, man; tell me at once what thou hast to say, and let me know the worst."

"That is short, our enterprise has miscarried. I was to have met the fellow I employed an hour after midnight, and as I was detained more than one hour for him, whereas I tarried at the appointed spot more than two, but he came not."

"Perhaps he played false."

"I suspected as much, till this very moment. I ascertained that all was right, as made out, and to murder Dona Elvira, which not only failed, leaving that individual, but the enemy shown has, moreover, allowed himself to be caught, and is now lodged in jail."

"Can he betray either of us?" asked Cabrelio, with the greatest anxiety, while turning pale.

"Have not the remotest fear of that. Your cause was not mentioned; and I was not fool enough to give him the least chance of guessing who I was, or of ever being able to identify me. But, with your leave, I will say that if you would deal honestly by the man, some means should be devised to get him out of the scrape."

"Wherefore?"

"Because, fearing that, if the adventure came off ill, the fellow, in order to save his own skin, might be induced to lead those who foiled him to the place where I was waiting for him, thus placing me in jeopardy, I promised that, in case he were caught, on condition of his remaining silent till dawn, sure means would be employed to get him out of the clutches of the law, and that to the book of that he should receive the extra fee promised in case of success; moreover, in view of convincing him that it would be easy to procure his release, I told him that I was myself only the emissary of a very powerful personage, who, to satisfy his vengeance against one of the large reward given him for his services. I think you not it were best to act as in the same spirit?"

"Pshaw! he merits the gallows for the little skill he displayed. Then didst pluck on a poor fool, Formão. Nay, let the law take its course; were I to interfere in his behalf, it would inspire suspicion upon me. And now that the estates of Rua are lost to me beyond recall, my fate is linked inseparably with Juan of Castile; let his star rise, and there is yet a brilliant one in store for me."

A few minutes later the lord of Valverde and his troops proceeded on their destination for the field of Aljubarrota.

CHAPTER XIV.

THOSE who loved Dona Elvira were few even amidst Coimbra.

There lies a vast plain commencing near Leiria, stretching southward to beyond Alcobaça, and extending from the ocean on the west, almost to the base of the mountain chains that run, for the most part, parallel with it. It was at a point in this plain, intersected by the high road leading from Leiria to Lisbon, between the towns of Porto-de-Moz, to the east, and the village of Aljubarrota, to the west, that, on the 14th of August, that the king of Portugal had determined to post himself and offer battle to the enemy, notwithstanding the advice to the contrary of several of his capitains, who, aware of the inferiority of their own force, opined that they were not in a condition to risk a battle in open field. The king had adopted the plan propounded and advised by Nuno Alvarez Pereira, Constable, who, though only just turned twenty-five years of age, had displayed abilities of a commander, an order as to warrant his elevation to the high post subsequently held in the kingdom.

It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the fourteenth of August—the morning which witnessed the incidents related in the foregoing chapter—that the Portuguese army was drawn up in battle array across the above mentioned plain, with its front towards the north, whence the enemy was expected. The position was a fine one, scarcely amounting to 6,000 fighting men, all bodies the wings, and as the tactics of that time differed materially from those of more modern periods, and the subject may prove interesting to the military reader, I will give a few details, showing the disposition of the forces.

The right wing, consisting of 600 lances, drawn out in one line, each knight being eased in a complete suit of armor, and mounted on a powerful war-horse, with a short broad-sword and battle-axe; this wing, the strongest compound of the cavalcade, who stood in front, surrounded the king, his staff, and his banner unfurled. A short distance in the rear, composed of 300 lances, was a little in advance of it, was stationed a wing of the army, composed of 300 lances, and immediately behind these wings was a larger body of cavalry, and immediately behind this infantry armed with darts or javelins, slings, etc. The rear was some distance from the front, numbering 700 lances, also formed in one line, the ends of which dropped back obliquely inwards towards the extremities of the vanguard. The division of the rear was commanded by the king in person, attended by a numerous staff, among whom—although not ranked as the royal ensign, now scarcely agitated, so still was the air. Dom Nuno Alvarez, who were assembled all the pages, servants, and such other persons as were to take no part in the engagement, besides the baggage, carts, beasts of burden and the horses of the knights, for it had been resolved, at the council of the night before, that every one should fight on foot. This camp-retinue was guarded by a strong body of the bulk of the infantry.

The right wing was entirely composed of Portuguese under the direction of Mem Rodrigues de Vasconcellos and Diego Lopez Pacheco. Something like a third part of the left wing consisted of Portuguese, under the orders of a few English archers; Antão Vasques, a brave knight and experienced captain, had the command of those, whilst the remainder, and greater part of the left wing, was composed of the famous force was now occupying the castle of Aljubarrota, under the orders of Juan Perez de Cabrelio, who now stood at their head. The rear division, commanded by Nuno Alvarez, was a crossbowmen, and stationed a little in the rear of Cabrelio's knights and squires.

The troops had been standing in this position for the best part of the morning, when their attention had been taken up with the banners which the king and the constable addressed to them, and with the exhortations of the bishops, knights, which Dom João had performed. The prelates, in their pontifical robes, had been armed at all points, and preceded by the silver cross raised on a pole, had ridden along the ranks, exhorting the warriors to be firm in their resolve of defending their country's independence at every hazard, absolving them from their sins and promising remission from the pope of pope Urban VI.; later in the day, the warrior-graying prelate had ridden about in full armor, to give counsel, for he took an active share in the battle and was killed in the fight, though not mortally. About the hour already mentioned, the advanced guard of Juan of Castile's army made its appearance, and the sanguinolent banner was greeted with acclaiming shouts of joy; the Portuguese were impatient for action and waited with waiting as long, exposed to the burning rays of the sun.

The progress of the advancing host so engrossed the attention of every one, that it was ill doubtful whether at this moment any eye caught sight of the figure of a horseman approaching at a brisk pace from the opposite direction; but on long it was discovered by those at the extremities of the baggage train, and recognized as being mounted by Gonçalo Pereira, whose every movement was conducted with the greatest caution, and consulting them to halt, he advanced towards the king, who, surrounded the young monarch; but here he was stopped by the constable, to make himself known, ere pushing on further.

"Let him pass, for he comes from the *ensaldeia abobado* awaits his commander," said the knight, without unreserving his face.

The person who had asked for his name was evidently surprised at the singular mode of introduction, and appeared to hesitate whether he would deliver the message or not, when an impersative sign from the stranger induced him to adopt the former course. The knight dismounted, and a minute or two later was shown the way to the royal presence.

"You are welcome to our camp, sir knight and friend," said Dom João, laying a stress upon the last word as he glanced around at the bystanders, wishing probably to intimate that none should presume to doubt the fact, though the new-comer was unknown to all.

The knight who had left Nuno Vasques that he desired his presence, and making a sign to the guards to stand off, he entered into conversation with the strange knight. It was remarked by those who saw the king and the knight conferring together, that they were both very much agitated, the latter, in particular, he being on the merest trifle loiter, and that they spoke with terror of a similar pattern; for the king were no longer to be seen, and he soon left him, to direct the notice of the enemy. An attempt was made by some to find out from the stranger his companions who he was; but these men, whose business it was to attend to the behind their reserved visors, could not be induced to satisfy the curiosity of the bystanders; they sat mute, or pretended to be, dumb. The whole affair appeared so mysterious, and excited such wonder, that ere half an hour the *ensaldeia abobado*, i.e., "the deserted village," and its caste-inhabitants, because the topic of conversation throughout the camp.

It was not long before Antão Vasques obeyed the royal summons, and a few minutes' privacy between the prince and the two knights the latter withdrew together; whereupon, commanded by the king, the constable, accompanied by Vasques, marched towards the enemy. Their object was to reconnoitre, and from the former was led away by a page, in order to be in readiness for the combat.

A small space had been left between the wings of the Portuguese army, in the centre of the wing, and those commanded by Vasques; and here, with a view to the more effectual use of a little band of followers took up their station in person. Nuno Alvarez, who had been appointed by to that worn by the rest of the infantry, with a short broad-sword and battle-axe; this corps

price of his villainy. My cousin never went on board the Rattlesnake—never saw the doomed vessel. The tale of his death is a lie from first to last."

"How?"

"With the assistance of true and generous-hearted friends, I found the means of rescuing him from the power of the monster you had consigned him to."

The baronet clasped his hand in speechless gratitude.

"Riddle must have discovered him in company with Clara, and secured them both," continued the speaker; "Riddle, whom his motive could have been in offering outrage to a helpless girl, I have yet to learn—motive, indeed, no natural uncle, Mr. Purfet, backed him."

"What?"

"Mr. Purfet."

"A bad man!" muttered the banker; "a bad man! but you wrong him there. It was I who employed spies to follow her, and instructed the captain where to secure his victim. Harper urged me to it, indirectly; but he knew my final secret. A man was sufficient; I dared not disobey him. I can speak him now!" he added, in a tone of mingled triumph and contrition!

"Mr. Harper!" exclaimed our hero: "what interest could he possibly have in the perpetration of such an unmanly outrage?"

His daughter had heard of my son's admiration for Clara, and imagined herself jealous—if she ever knew love!"

"Still, I cannot understand, uncle, how her father—"

"A few words will explain the rest," interrupted the banker. "He was engaged in speculations whose failure plunged my soul in guilt—drove me lying and forgery—and ruined in both—to murder," he added, lowering his voice to a whisper. "Harper knew all, and stood alone; the cur who profited by it had not the courage to share it."

"What a fearful labyrinth!" ejaculated his nephew.

"Out of Crete," observed the banker, "at the meridian hour, and the world's last wonder, was a plain, honest truth; a child might have been scared with the maze of crime. Avoid it, Hector, still! I have lost the right to admonish in words—my example, however, is sufficiently eloquent. Crime has its mystery to the face by the whirlpool's section to draw you within its vortex. The weakest step may pass beyond the line, but it requires a giant's strength and resolution to retake it.

"This explains your seeming indifference," resumed the dying man, after a pause; "I saw you heard of your cousin's supposed death."

"I had a hard struggle," observed the youth, "to control my joy at his safety. We were reared together. Harry is the most gentle, kind, and fearless creature ever breathed—manhood. Heaven has gifted him with genius. He will create a name—have his way to fortune—but you will see him, uncle, and receive his forgiveness?"

"You know not half his wrongs," said the banker.

"Were they lawful, he would pardon them. "The loss of fortune?"

"He cares not for wealth."

"His father's sufferings and ruin?"

"Repentance may atone even for that."

"You know not what you promise," said his relative "neither do you suspect half my villainies, Hector, my son. For the murder of Clemence Chambers I had the excuse of madness—ruin hastened me—overpowering—temporarily, insanity. Yes, yes, I must have been mad! But the deed I meditate now was cooly and deliberately planned, meditated over for two years before being carried into execution."

"Another assassination!" thought Harold, with a shudder.

"Amongst the papers of my victim, I discovered the correspondence of Mrs. Barnard, some written before her marriage, signed only with her surname, and many of them undated. Some devil whispered to me they might prove useful before burying the dead. I retained them."

"For what purpose, uncle?"

"To blight the happiness of the man whose wealth has sustained the falling credit of my father's house. The letters, however artfully it was my, roused his jealousy till it became madness. Among these, he gave me those of his wife and child from the abode he believed dishonored by their presence. The mother died!" he added, not the son?"

"Not the son?" repeated the guilty man.

"At Mr. Ivory's own suggestion, the boy was placed in school, in a distant part of the country, where he passed as the illegitimate offspring of his eldest brother, with whom, as you know, accepted the direction of the charge."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Harold Mansell, "my cousin Harry, then—"

"Is the grandson of Zachariah Ivory."

Our hero could with difficulty restrain his joy at the discovery.

"The heir of his vast fortune!" added Sir Jasper.

"More than of his wealth," replied the orphan: "of his love, his sympathies with humanity—expressed, but not destroyed. Will his grandfather's scars of his existence?"

"And a consenting party to placing him in the hands of Riddle?"

"He was," answered the guilty man, "not not to my instructions. Ere sought only to remove a being whom he considered a stain upon his name, to prevent the possibility of my son Chambers—as he believed him—from inheriting the magnificent property of Hampton Park, which is strictly entailed."

"Uncle," said the youth, "you must see and confess everything to Mr. Ivory."

The banker's shuddering look locked more courage to face the man he had so basely and deeply injured.

"How else will you atone—obtain his forgiveness?"

"After my death, Harold," faltered Sir Jasper, "you may explain all. I could not endure his passionate thought just reproaches—his scorn—his curses."

"Heaven is more merciful to us," observed our hero, "than we are to ourselves. Whatever he may feel, Mr. Ivory, I am convinced, will command his temper."

"You do not know him."

"Better than you do," said the youth, "for I have learnt to estimate his character more justly. Beneath a rugged exterior he hides a feeling bosom. His suspicions of his fellow creatures, are of the tongue only; his sober reason rejects them. The tale of his early fortunes and sufferings I heard from his own lips a few weeks since, the history of his wrongs from yours. You must see him," he continued, "humbly yourself before him, cruel to his foe, if necessary, and bathe them with your tears. Do anything to obtain his pardon."

"Never!" groaned the banker. "Never!"

"How else will you dare to solicit Heaven's?" demanded his nephew, solemnly.

Sir Jasper made no reply.

"It must be asked in humility and penitence," continued the youthful monitor: "pride must be trampled on, crushed, annihilated. Oh, that my fevered father were still living, he would speak with the authority of his sacred office, the affection of a brother; his eloquence might touch your heart. My voice is powerless to do so, for I am a mere boy, ignorant, weak in all save the tenacious he taught me."

"I will see him," said the baronet, with sudden resolution: "drag myself in the dust before him, and endure the scorn my presence."

"Heaven will not scorn it," answered Harold. "See him I explain all! and what kindness you," announced the dying man.

Our hero, fearful lest the resolution of his uncle should change, rose to depart.

"Stay!" said Sir Jasper, as he reached the door of the chamber.

His nephew turned.

"Send my lawyer to me; I must have every useful interest off my mind before Clara—"

"Think not of such things now."

The sudden return of life's anxieties had been a source not only of surprise, but undigned joy, to Mr. Page, who considered Clara as if she had been her own child. As for the maid-of-all-work, she forgot her sacred duty to her master's arms, embraced her feasibly, raved for several minutes about some mysterious villainy, which finally concluded with a not very complimentary allusion to the cook, and a pail of water in addition, the celebrated Miss Watson, the then popular heroine of romantic dame schools, was a beauty.

The distress of Clara and her father on learning the disappearance of Telbin from the dairy was painful to witness. Their simplicities naturally led them to construct innocent faults, no tender, and they had not been many minutes in the house before their suspicions were aroused.

"I have seen that woman somewhere," observed Mr. Page, musingly, "but I cannot call to mind upon parlor door on her way to the street.

The hardship of Telbin's fate was his first floor lodger, and added that she was a most respectable woman, and that her character was unimpeachable.

"Where can I have seen her?" he added, musingly.

Suddenly the truth flashed upon him: he had not only seen, but spoken with her, on more than one occasion, soon after his return from India, at the residence of his unworthy brother-in-law.

"It is Furfit's housekeeper!" he exclaimed, hastily recited.

"Who?" shrieked Mrs. Page.

"Furfit's housekeeper!"

The worthy hostility sank upon the sofa. She, with all her knowledge of the world, to have been taken in by such a woman, too! A thrill appeared stitched to her first floor; was it never to be overcome? Was Telbin a bona fide lodger?

The truth is evident," said the father of Clara. "the woman has introduced herself into your house for the purpose of obtaining the contents of her master. I cannot blame you," he added, "for your confidence in the recommendation of a lady whose character and connections are strangers to the hearts of each.

The explanations, apologies, answers, and expressions of delight were not half exhausted when our hero reached the business street.

His first inquiry was for Baines.

The rest for whom Harry.

The modest blush with which the fair girl met this question was not lost upon him. The answer herself had not been vacuous for an instant in his absence.

"You are ill, Harold," she observed, gazing fondly into his pale face, "and I am sure it is more to do with the suffering than the body."

Here you not heard the letter from Harry?"

"No."

"My uncle, Sir Jasper Mansell, is dying. He was shot last night—or, rather, at an early hour this morning—by the old man I have so frequently described to you, Mr. Harper."

"Under what circumstances?" whispered the Dahlia; for, from her tone, our hero guessed his love, he had no secrets from the mistress of his affections, accordingly she was acquainted with everything, even to his suspicions.

"Dying!" repeated Rosa.

"And I trust a penitent, for he has much to atone," continued our hero, solemnly, "but I must see my cousin instantly. It is hard, very hard, Rosa," he added, "to part again, after a few hours, but I have duties that I dare not neglect."

"Look at my dear father," said the young girl, pointing to the picture-cloth: "he will not be not sacrificed at the shrine of Charity—fame, fortune, happiness, everything—remember, his daughter will not blame you, Harold."

"I have bound his history from Bignor Benetti—my father, as he was familiarly called by the Mancella, had just drawn on his great-coat, in order to go to the theatre, when Harold's visitor was announced. The thoughtful expression of the latter, and the unusually solemn appearance of the old man changed to a faint smile as he observed the letter he clutched forth his hand cordially.

"What is Jasper?" he demanded.

"The surgeons give no hope," replied our hero, "but I have not seen him. I have just received a letter from Harry."

"Short preparation, I fear," muttered he. "Sit down, my dear boy, by the fire. He has been a grasping man—one of the City mammonworshipping tribe, I fear, Harold."

The idolatry is still the same," observed Harold Mansell, quietly, "whether we worship Mammon, Moloch, or revenge—but the idol changed.

"Pray; true."

"Sir Jasper appears penitent."

"Penitent!" repeated the baronet. "I wish to speak with you. The events of last night have given me a painful suspicion—nay, more. Why should old Mark Chambers have requested to see you alone, and why should you on his leaving occupied at the bank for his life? why otherwise have refused any other recognizance for his faithful services ?"

"I cannot enter into the motives, sir," replied his visitor, greatly embarrassed.

"That was not answered like yourself!" observed Mr. Ivory; "but, perhaps, you are right; confidence may have been placed in you."

"It has, sir."

"Then you are doubly justified in your silence," continued Sir: "still it is singular Jasper should have met his death from Mark's hand."

"Most singular!"

"There is some mystery!" continued the dyer, muttering the words to himself rather than to his visitor, "and I am determined to unravel it."

"I came for that very purpose."

"I on ?"

"At my uncle's request."

Mr. Ivory regarded Harold earnestly.

"Let me entreat you to be patient," said our hero, "and hear me to the end. I have both a strange and painful task to perform for one so long and unprincipled. Your kindness and forbearance," he added, "must assist me."

"Mr. Windsor I can promise," replied Zac, taking off his great-coat, and seating himself. "Now I am ready to listen to you."

"You once, Mr. Ivory, reposed in me a confidence that excited for you the deepest sympathy, for it told me how greatly you had suffered."

"We will not speak of that now," said the old man, mildly, and at the same time placing his hand upon the arm of the speaker.

"Pardon me, it is of that—and confidence, or rather the subject of it—I came to speak. Sir Jasper Mansell, you are aware, was shot by Mark Chambers, whilst in the act of removing a bank-bottled at the foot of the withered tree you may have noticed in the court-yard of the bank."

"I have seen it frequently."

"It will puly you, sir," said Harold, looking timidly.

Bleed not that, I am used to it, and can bear it like a man."

"Sir, father, like a Christian," observed the young man: "for his sole mistakes sparks for courage."

His never smiled.

"That desk belonged to Clement—"

"Let me trust the villain," interrupted Mr. Ivory, interrupting him. "His desk—a pitiful, but merciless death—but not diminished the hatred I bear that man."

"I have discovered letters in it—"

"Which prove my wife's wantonness," said the grandfather of Harry, growing more and more excited as the conversation proceeded, "and would restore them to me. Burn them, and restore them to his wife; I need no additional proofs of their infamy."

"Can I do so?" said Zac, under the desk."

"Slander!"

"To be innocent," added his visitor. "You have been deceived—cruelly deceived! The letters which the dagger selected from the correspondence were written by your wife to Clement Chambers before her marriage with you; they were undated, and served his purpose but too well."

"Purpose!" faltered Mr. Ivory, in the tone of one who had received a sudden blow upon the brain; "what purpose?"

"To ruin your credit."

"Oh, the curse of being rich," groaned the dyer-maker. "It is poisons the grasp of friendship, the smile of affection; for, whether rightly, or wrongly, we believe that interest, vile interest, rules. But you spoke of Jasper's treachery, my being deceived. No, no, I can't believe it; I dare not believe it; it would be too horrible. For pity's sake, repeat to me that my wife was true, that I am not her murderer, the assassin of my own son."

Harold remained silent.

"Give me proof, then of her innocence," continued the old man, honestly: "let me feel the full weight of my misery and guilt. Anything—anything, rather than suspense."

"Receive the only letter your wife ever wrote to Clement Chambers after her marriage."

The old man stretched forth his hand and took the letter with a bewildered air. His eye glanced over the page for an instant; but the sight of characters once so familiar and dear to him upon his self-possession, and he gave it back, murmuring, "Read, he did so:

"Read it—read it for me. It is her handwriting."

Without one word of comment, our hero complied with his request. The letter ran thus:

"I have received your letter, together with the brooch, which I return, that in the transactions of which you are now without reason I am accused as to break our engagement, you were not so blind to perceive that I once supposed. Still, you were culpable, although I rejoice to admit in a less degree.

"Knowing the irritability of your temper not to finish, I pass over expressions which—were not I might have once listened to, cannot be addressed to me now without insult to I am both a wife and a mother. You say I have been scarcely two days ill is impossible I should love my husband. Disabuse yourself of that idea. *I do love him.* Whatever the nature of my feelings for you, I first married, his manly character and virtues have won my affection. My heart is entirely his own, and to him I owe it.

"His example has taught me to judge from actions rather than words; and your continued persistence in keeping letters which ought to be destroyed, and your refusal to return the alleged—letters which ought never to be retained on the part of one or a husband—confirms me in the opinion I formed when I broke with you for ever.

If drops of scalding lead or coals of fire had been the words by one upon the heart and brain of Mr. Ivory, whilst Harold Mansell was reading the irrevocable proof of a wife's innocence, they could not have inflicted greater torture. He pushed the letter wildly from his hand, dashed with it to the window, and read it himself over and over again, glaring upon it with bloodshot eyes.

"Merciless! merciless!" he groaned at last; "and all for the sake of a handful of dross, which I despise!"

He is penitent," urged his visitor, in a hasty tone.

Had he to live a hundred years, our hero never would have forgotten the look of fear as he repeated the word "penitent!"

"What is his penitence to me?" he exclaimed: "will it restore to life the woman I drove, like a heartless fiend, from my home? Has it pronounced my years of pent agony, and future repentance, forgiveness? where is the use I retake of his birthright? passed as the illegitimate offspring of—God!" he added, with a fearful recollection of the part the putative father had committed to play, "had my breast of any share or knowledge of this atrocious villainy?"

"I fear he had."

"All alike," murmured the old man, in a tone of exhaustion, "all alike. Why should I be reproached? Cain and Abel, too, were brothers; and you," he added, turning to Harold, "friend, honest, manly, as you seem—you saw your cousin's danger, and for some beggar's trial to do without a reason, the instant your rich uncle was killed?"

"What could I do?" asked our hero, calmly.

"True, true, you were young, ignorant of the world and Jasper's purposes. His purpose," repeated the speaker to himself, "my purpose. There at least our guilt is equal. Still, I should be more culpable—"

"What would you have thought?" demanded our hero, with a smile.

"Nothing! nothing! Sorrow shall not make me unjust to you. I recollect your grief when you heard of my grandson's death."

"It was assumed."

Mr. Ivory regarded him with astonishment.

"The real feeling of my heart was joy."

"Monster!"

"To know he lived," said Harold, unable longer to restrain himself, "that I had saved him from his false uncle's cruelty—the brutal insolence of his agent, Riddle. Harry never set one foot on board the Rattlesnake. He is living, well, and worthy of your love."

The surprise, the joy was almost too much for the old man, after the excitement he had endured, and he sank, helpless as a child, back in his chair.

"Forgive me!" exclaimed our hero, soothingly; "I have been too precipitate; I should have prepared you more gently."

"Living!" murmured Mr. Ivory.

"Living," repeated Harold.

"My grandson—*my* grandson! There lies only hope of existence. Where is he now? You have not misled me ?—no, I see you have not, by those witnesses in your young eyes—dumb witnesses, but eloquent ones—that you can sympathize with the sorrows of old age. You will lead me to him, and plead for me, should he refuse the love I offer him. Thank you, my dear boy, thank you."

"You do not know him yet. Harry is the warmest-hearted, kindest being in existence; all who know, love him. He has not one harsh quality in his nature."

"Lead me to him," repeated the old man, fearfully.

"Had you not better postpone the meeting? The excitement may—"

"Lead me to him, if you would not kill me with suspense. We are some years to exhibit. My aged heart beats as if it would burst its way through my breast. For pity's sake no more delays."

"Is he so near?"

"He rides—go to summon him."

Before introducing his cousin into the drawing-room to his grandfather, Harold prepared him for the meeting by describing the old man's excitement and the precautions necessary.

Be gentle with him, Harry," he added: "for the hand of affliction has fallen heavily upon him. The surprise even, I fear, of seeing you again took so shrewdly till this moment. Surely you have something beautiful to say to your father."

"Mine!" replied the youth. "I have forgotten the name—I never knew that father."

"I understand you," said our hero.

"And I not?"

"Mine?"

"Yes."

One was steeped in shame to the very lips, for no fault of his own; the other felt proud and generously, but for protection.

"Remember his counselor," said his cousin, impressively, "he suffers as no human being has from the sent of truth, deaden that sufferings which he has not only not a duty, but a right, to from heaven he is permitted to watch over the fate of his son. Your mission is to console Harry, in his love—how would his spirit grieve to find your heart grown hard and unforgiving!"

"It is not unforgiving," exclaimed the youth, touched to tears by the allusion to his mother, "but I cannot know not what I have suffered when my mind dwelt upon my father's fate, and my own desolation!"

These words revealed a sensitive pride his cousin had not been suspecting the existence of. It seemed as if the eccentricity of Zachariah Ivory had been entailed upon his grandson by the conduct, in proof of his claims to be called his descendant.

"Forget it, my dear boy," said his cousin, with a smile of love.

"I will do my best," was the reply, "since Harry is so interested in it."

When th: speakers reached the front drawing-room, they found it empty. My cousin had disappeared.

Harold looked surprised; the lip of his companion curled disdainfully.

"Harry is not to be scared lived," he whispered. "Let me return. I have no business here."

The latter word cut a very difficult task, will it, Harry?"

The youth nodded in his face and smiled.

"I look upon you," continued Mr. Ivory, "as brothers, and, consequently, as equally my grandchildren. The fortune which is now in such misery—which others shamed for—shall be divided equally between you."

"Impossible that I should accept your bounty, sir," said Harold, proudly and firmly.

"Are you more proud than I am?" said Harry, sympathetically. "Did I not refuse to share your pittance?"

"If he persists," observed his grandfather, "I recall my promise. Remember, it was made conditionally on my acceptance."

"What promise, sir?"

To vide with Harry the death-bed of Sir Jasper Mansell and pronounce a pardon for the wrongs he has inflicted upon us can be done."

Harold pressed a hand of each.

"Do with me as you please," he said. "I dare not refuse any condition which may bring peace of mind to my relations. Harry, you are my father's eyes was upon me, and his blessed spirit approving the path I have pursued towards him. When shall we set forth?"

Mr. Ivory regarded his grandson, as if he knew no will but his.

"At once," replied Harry. "Let us visit him at once."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THERE is a large and fertile space in every life, in which might be planted the oaks and fruit-trees of enlightened principle and virtuous habit, which, growing up, would yield to old age an unpruned, a glory, and a shade.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE GRAVE OF THE SETTLER'S BOY.

BY ALICE CARY.

The hill is bleak and bare enough,
Thistles are all the flowers it owns;
Round it the east wind sighs, rough
With misty rain and loose, gray stones.

Ay, bleak and bare and cheerless, save
One quite quiet little acorn it sees,
And there, about a little grave,
The turf is smooth, and soft, and green.

For, seeing that lone grave, sometimes
The mannier checks his wallowing flocks,
And blocks his heavy wheel, and climbs
The fence, and pulls the weeds away.

There kindly nature paints the shade
With tracery, as with slenderest wire;
There fox and hare, all unafraid,
Look straight into the hunter's eyes

For while he thinks of nuts gone down
Of hope long lost, of long-lost years,
His trusty rifle, bright and brown,
Rests from his shoulder, unaware.

All things are solemn; 'quiet the sky,
The wood, a mass of shadow below,
And high above the shade of wood
Her long, red sunset lit' will lofer throw.

The birds scarce sing there such as sing
But as 'tis long, slow hours go past,
With golden bills and wills of fire
From the black stalk, until at last

Leaving the world to deeper gloom
The sunshine from the landscape goes,
And o'er the pit rejoicing looms
The moon her hoarded paler mows.

A CRUEL DEED.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

One day, during the war of the Revolution, the home of a mild, inoffensive Quaker, who lived at no great distance from the town of Camden, South Carolina, was suddenly surrounded by a large body of British soldiers, in the great surprise and alarm of the inmates.

"Why, Peter, what can you think these men of war want with us?" said the pallid wife to her husband.

"I guess no harm to any here—perhaps to make some inquiry!" replied the master of the house, trying to assume a look of ease and unconcern.

"Oh, my dear father!" cried an interesting girl of fifteen, springing to his side and grasping his hand in terror.

By this time the door was thrown violently open, and a fierce-looking officer, with a pistol in one hand and a drawn sabre in the other, and followed by some four or five of his men, also variously armed, burst furiously into the room, exclaiming, in a coarse, savage tone:

"I want a ——— rebel Quaker named Peter Tarnall!"

The daughter and one or two others uttered wild cries of terror, and the wife sank and neither sank silently upon a seat, as pale as a ghost. The husband and father, with looks and trembling lips—for those were fearful days to any who had incurred the suspicion of being inimical to the interests of an imbecile king then in possession—calmly answered:

"My name is Peter Tarnall, friend, but I am, like all of my society, a man of peace, and therefore not a rebel. Therefore you have been misinformed, and in laboring under a mistake."

"You'll be no mistake after we've got you in close quarters, you scoundrel!" replied the leader, savagely, his eyes flashing with anger and hate. "Seize him, men, handcuff him, and drag him out of his rebel nest!"

Two of the party sprang forward, and in a moment the Quaker had the irons of a felon upon his wrists.

"Oh, spare him, dear sir! kind sir! spare my dear father!" cried the daughter, springing forward and dropping upon her knees before the cruel man of war and leader.

"You're a fool, wench!" returned the cruel officer; "and you may thank your stars if I don't burn the house over your head!—I've had a mind to do it, anyhow.

The other children were now clinging to their unhappy father, and crying as if to break their hearts.

"At least, friend," said Mr. Tarnall, "I trust there will be of what Peter is accused. I have always tried to live at peace with all the world, for that is a part of my religion."

"Yes, and a ——— pretty business you make of it, taking up arms against your lawful king!" replied the officer, slapping his foot with passion. "You're a set of lying hypocrites and deserters as well as rebels, and if you provoke me further, I'll tear you out root and branch!"

"Verily, friend, I am sorry if my words provoked thee, for I did not intend to cause thee anger by simply asking of what Peter is accused, that peradventure we might explain away the mistake which has led to his arrest."

"No mistake about it, woman, as to very well know, if you don't."

"Verily, friend, I have at all times and on all occasions been a man of peace, and truly I cannot remember any act I have ever done to the harm of George of England's behalf; but in his prisoner.

"Some very memory must be cursed short!" was the angry rejoinder. "What were you doing yesterday, standing guard, with a musket in your hand, over a few of his majesty's loyal subjects? ——— nothing, I suppose, hypocritical, lying knave! Ha! you understand now, do you, you scoundrel?" pursued the speaker, with a chuckle of triumph, as he observed that Tarnall suddenly started, and that his whole family looked at him in surprise. "You thought I didn't know, did you? But we British soldiers are the keen-eye-ruled banisters of treason, and we can even smell a rebel further than we can see him."

"Friend officer, I verily see now how the mistake has occurred," said Tarnall, his features lit up at the thought that a simple statement of the case would immediately set matters all right. "The man I took that yesterday morning I rescued the Catawba to General Sumpter's camp, because a man there with whom I had some special business of a similarly private nature. He had a paper which I wanted, and I asked him for it.

"It is in my jacket pocket, which is in the tent, which is the fourth one you see yonder, he answered.

"Can thee not get it for me, James?' said I.

"I am on guard here, he replied, over some Tory prisoners, but if you will take my place a moment, I will go and fetch it.

"I am no soldier, friend James, no man of war,' I said.

"I know that,' said he; 'but at least you can stand here and hold my musket till I come back.'

"I assented to this, took his musket, and stood there while he was absent, which I do not think was over two minutes by the clock, and then, as soon as I got my paper, I went away. Thus, friend, thee sees I am not guilty of any intent of wrong against any one, and now I trust, as a simple act of justice, thee will have me released."

"A ——— pretty trumped-up story—but it won't go down!" rejoined the British officer. "If you can make Colonel Tarleton believe any such stuff as that, in the face of good honest evidence to the contrary, you're a luckier rascal than I take you for—for methinks I see a line of rope all round your pretty neck, which will be likely to feel it before many days. We caught Sumpter napping, and gave him the devil; and the very prisoners you guarded, are now free to testify against you; and one word from such honest, loyal gentlemen, will outweigh all the lying cant that your foul tongue could sputter between this and doomsday! But come, men, we've loitered here long enough with the old villain, and let us mount and away!"

"Oh, do not, do not take him away from us to die, sir!" cried the wife, and hope was gone when she he told thee the truth!" pleaded mother and daughter.

With a wicked curse, and a low, coarse, vulgar epithet, the leader turned on his heel and left the room, and the house. His men closely followed with the unresisting man of peace, whom, in mere brutal spite, they took occasion to handle with the roughness of ruffians.

"Farewell, my beloved wife and children! I grounded your Peter Tarnall.

"Farewell, beloved husband! we will try to come and see you soon, and hope we may come back with us soon!" sobbed Mrs. Tarnall, sinking down upon the floor.

In another minute the cavalry was dashing away, leaving the inoffensive and innocent Quaker, like a criminal felon, in the close, crowded and loathsome prison at Camden. A week of suffering went up from that into hapless home—for one of the kindest and most noble-hearted of men had gone—ere fresh news came. The night following was a night of mourning with all the household of poor Peter Tarnall.

Early the next morning Mrs. Tarnall and her devoted daughter rode into the town of Camden, to learn the fate of that loving husband and father, and, if living, to cheer him in the sorrow of the comforts of life, well knowing how cruel must be the treatment he must receive, when not condemned to die by the hangman. The kind-hearted wife, Rebecca Tarnall, had found the provost marshal, of whom they made their inquiries, humane.

"Yes," replied the officer, gruffly, "we've got a blasted rebel of that name, but I don't know how long he'll keep him long;" and he ended with a coarse laugh.

"Will thee be kind enough to let me see him and take him some few things for his comfort?" said the afflicted wife.

"Better take him a rope and tell him to hang himself with it, for it's more comfort to him than he's the brother rejoiced. "Ten women are such bothersome, whining things, that I've had some moral or other."

"Oh, sir, those things thee has a wife, a mother, a sister, or a daughter, and if thee was a prisoner——"

"There, hold up—that'll do—I know what you're going to say—but you mustn't waste the night sky hourly, by some such ——— palaver. Well, now, what do you want?"

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Here, grunt, drew these wenches that reprobate from the guard-house, and bring them over to the quard yesterday—and give them just five minutes. Mind, now, and not a minute more."

Mrs. Tarnall and her daughter were then conducted into a small, close apartment, literally crammed almost to suffocation with the foul, dirty, ragged, half-starved human beings, whose miserable appearance told a sad tale indeed of the atrocious laws of a tyrant and battling for liberty and the rights of man. The sight of these poor fellows, in a stifling atmosphere which seemed almost to poison the blood, fairly held the dear partner of her bosom—the loving daughter the dear father—in horror. It was the hottest weather of summer, and in that building—a mere wooden shell—which was crowded one hundred and sixty-three prisoners—some wounded, some sick, many nearly dying, what pen or tongue can faintly shadow forth the horrors that must there forlorn and almost hopeless beings!

Mrs. Tarnall and her daughter burst into tears. They would have wept in the depth of misery of so many strangers—how much more to see among them the dearest friend they had on earth!

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth!" said Mr. Tarnall, in a voice tremulous with emotion that made his whole auditory listen breathlessly. "Do not weep, my dear wife and child! but bow down in gratitude to heaven for your blessings, knowing I am innocent, which I trust the Lord will shortly make manifest to all, and for your daily delicious meat, and then move their hearts to pity and compassion for the poor wretches I have left here."

"Oh, my poor husband!" groaned Mrs. Tarnall, throwing her arms around his neck, while the daughter, with the grief voice of despair, sobbed.

Then remembering how brief a time she would be allowed to remain, the devoted wife produced a somewhat cheerful air, gave him the few delicacies she had brought, and the daughter did the same. It seemed but a moment before the guard came to the door, and the voice of the guard called out:

"Come, woman, be off—time's up!"

With a hurried embrace Mrs. Tarnall tore herself away, and the daughter followed. The husband and father remained behind.

The next morning she came again with her daughter, and received in children's arms another brief interview with her husband. So also the third morning. But the fourth morning the provost marshall was away, and she applied to the officer who succeeded him and received brutal-looking fellow than his superior.

"Why, my good friend, so you, woman?" he gruffly demanded.

"Peter Tarnall, friend."

"Don't call me friend," he growled, "'cause I'm no friend to any ——— rebel, rude or female. You're too late to see Tarnall, do you? He's pursued, with a gleam of savage malice.

"If thee will be so kind——"

"Well, yes, I think I will this once," replied the officer, with a significant look; "and seeing it's you, I'll honor you by showing him to you myself!"

"Verily I thank thee."

"Stop!" he said, and the fellow stepping outside the jail, and passing around the corner of the building, closely followed by the weeping wife and daughter. "There he is." he pointed, pausing upward to their husband.

The poor wife looked up, and the very blood seemed to freeze in her veins, and every nerve and muscle became as iron. The poor daughter shrieked, and, with a wild, piercing cry, fell senseless to the earth.

See story, from a beam extending and through a window, hung the dead body of Peter Tarnall.

For perhaps a minute Mrs. Tarnall stood motionless as a statue, her eyes glaring with an expression of unutterable woe. Then she turned to the officer, and said quite calmly:

"Will thee cut the body down and let me have it for burial?"

Perhaps the brutal officer was touched with some little feeling of compassion, for he turned on his heel and gave the necessary orders to some of his men.

Half an hour later Mrs. Tarnall was driving home, with the dead body of her husband lying at her feet, and her inconsolable daughter weeping, moaning and wringing her hands beside her.

Until the dear form of him so wildly loved was consigned to the cold and silent grave, that afflicted woman never shed a tear—never uttered a word. But when the last clod was given, she wrung her hands, beat her breast, and cried, in piteous tone:

"Poor me! poor me! I have no husband now! I have no husband now!"

These were the last words of reason she ever spoke. Her mind could not bear up under the weight of crushing grief, and she shortly after died a raving maniac—another victim to the cruelties of merciless war.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 97.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

The day has been too hot. The night is stifling. Use does not reconcile me to heat—grow no good as the bud, and to the chamber you retire, laying soon to rise all remembrance of your cares and troubles in sleep. The light is extinguished, and the darkness gives rise to pleasing sensations of approaching rest. When, lo! a little, piercing mosquito comes, and with no interpretation. It is a mosquito come a-courting. Is there any woman who has not been a nervous man quicker or more entirely? Every woman is nervous. Now the sound comes—now recedes—now it is lost. It soon comes back, and with redoubled energy, you give yourself a broad slap upon the face, hoping that the mosquito shared it with you; but a groan meet he comes dead. You experience a minutes satisfaction of revenge, which, alas! is but evitable sound comes again, but with a blither and thither sensation of the mosquito's presence. This time, to make sure, your hand is disengaged, and less prudent, and, if living, to cover from some of the comforts of life, well knowing how cruel must be the treatment he must receive, when not condemned to die by the hangman. The kind-hearted wife, Rebecca Tarnall, had found the provost marshal, of whom they made their inquiries, humane.

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HOW BULLETS ARE MANUFACTURED.

The Rapidity with which they are turned out.—Immense Quantities Required by Them, &c., &c., &c.

TROY, NOV. 16, 1861.

MR. BONNER.—*Dear Sir*:—Your Dec Notice contains a request from the Ordnance Bureau Association, would like to know "how bullets are made." In order to enable manufacturers to act as explainer, having been employed for many years in the manufacture of fire-arms, sheets such things are made in large quantities, and how rapidly they are turned out.

In the first place, you must understand that bullets are manufactured from two different kinds of bullets for the musket, i. e., the round ball, and the conical or elongated. The round ball is made in the following manner: The scrap or bar lead being cut into small pieces, is placed in a melting pot or brass lanthed pots. When brought to a red heat, it is then poured into moulds or holes and run into long round bars about twenty-eight inches long, and about one inch in diameter. This is done by means of *perpendicular iron moulds*, which are made in two pieces to open and shut, and are taken out and the sprue cut off. So far the work is done by men; but the next process, viz., that of the breaking of the sprue. The bars are then passed through a machine which cuts them into short pieces, but no sprues could be cut off, as they would be broken off in the operation. The scrap or bar lead is then placed in a melting pot or brass lanthed pots. When brought to a red heat, it is then poured into moulds or holes and run into long round bars about twenty-eight inches long, and about one inch in diameter. This is done by means of *perpendicular iron moulds*, which are made in two pieces to open and shut, and are taken out and the sprue cut off. So far the work is done by men; but the next process, viz., that of the breaking of the sprue. The bars are then passed through a machine which cuts them into short pieces, but no sprues could be cut off, as they would be broken off in the operation. The scrap or bar lead is then placed in a melting pot or brass lanthed pots. When brought to a red heat, it is then poured into moulds or holes and run into long round bars about twenty-eight inches long, and about one inch in diameter. This is done by means of *perpendicular iron moulds*, which are made in two pieces to open and shut, and are taken out and the sprue cut off. So far the work is done by men; but the next process, viz., that of the breaking of the sprue. The bars are then passed through a machine which cuts them into short pieces, but no sprues could be cut off, as they would be broken off in the operation.

Yours very truly, ROBERT BONNER.

In compliance with your request, I transcribe the following answer to our correspondent's query. It is, as he remarks, but a brief and imperfect description of the process in the Ledger. As the friend signature indicates, he is not from the city of Brooklyn, but from the city of Troy.

"Mr. Greeley does not write *half* the Editorials that appear in The Tribune. He usually writes what he terms "the leading article, and two or three short paragraphs. Sometimes he writes two or three columns, but that is "no easy as half the days in the week. On Monday morning's newspaper. Your second question I answer by saying, no matter. Can a sincere Christian be a bully in his sermons? Can a sincere Christian be a bully in his sermons? Can a sincere Christian be a bully in his sermons?